

# MACLEAN'S

A large photograph of a group of young people, mostly seen from behind, wearing bright yellow t-shirts. They are reaching their arms up towards a large, weathered wooden cross that dominates the center of the frame. The background shows green trees and a clear sky.

## HORMONE THERAPY

The experts tell women:  
no need to panic

## AT THE CROSSROADS

Benoit Aubin on religion  
and politics in Turkey

## GARTH HUDSON

Brian D. Johnson visits  
The Band's forgotten genius

## KEEPING THE FAITH

Hundreds of thousands are set to join the Pope  
in Toronto for World Youth Day. Can the Church  
renew itself at a time of scandal?

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**Gwaii Haanas** These are the mystical waters of Haida Gwaii/Queen Charlotte Islands, home to giant kelp forests—ecosystems more diverse than rainforests. More than 100,000 creatures can be found in just one square metre of kelp forest. Rich in nutrients, Gwaii Haanas provides crucial feeding grounds for humpback whales, orcas, dolphins and sea lions. For eight years, World Wildlife Fund and the Haida Nation have been working to get Canada to zone these waters

as a Marine Protected Area. WWF has funded research. WWF has created a conservation plan. WWF has convinced the oil & gas industry to give up its drilling rights. Yet still, nothing has been done. When will Canada protect Gwaii Haanas? When will Canada start protecting other crucial areas on our coasts? With your help, we'll get the government to act now. Join our team. Call WWF at 1-800-6-FRIDA or visit [wwf.ca/marine](http://wwf.ca/marine). Let's leave our children a living planet.







'Adeena Niazi's selection for your Honour Roll is very well deserved. She has taken many risks to save Afghan people over the years.'

—ADEENA NIAZI, Member, OAC

#### Passion and honour

I was filled with a great sense of pride to see two of our Olympians, cross-country skier Beadie Scott and speed skater Marc Gagnon, named to the Maclean's 2002 Honour Roll ("10 Canadians who made a difference," Cover, July 1). As we Olympians and our coaches can attest, the years of dedicated effort needed to reach the pinnacle of success often pass in relative obscurity. This is one way distinguishes our passion for sport or desire to strive for the honour of representing Canada. Their place on the Honour Roll clearly illustrates that Canadians value their Olympic heroes and the positive contributions they make to foster national pride.

Charmaine Grice, Member International Olympic Committee Vancouver

When Marc Gagnon accepted his gold medal on the podium at the Winter Olympics on Salt Lake City, he sang our national anthem in French and English. Asked why, he told a reporter that he learned it that way and that O Canada should always be sung in both languages. When speaking of someone "who made a difference," this message is at least as significant as his athletic achievement.

—BILLY COPELAND, Member OAC

It was highly appropriate to see Beadie Scott on your list. Her natural in-cross-country skiing, combined passion, and an outstanding accomplishment given the historic dominance by the Scandinavians and eastern Europeans. Scott's performance is all the more impressive when you consider a member of her competitors used performance enhancing drugs. In these days of the "chemical athlete" (e.g., professional baseball), it is refreshing to see a young Canadian woman excel in what is arguably the most demanding of all sports. Great Scott, indeed.

Dr. Dale Garbett, Professor of Neuroscience Faculty of Medicine, Memorial University, St. John's, NL



BEADIE SCOTT

My view is that Honour Roll member Jens Jacobson and the others who accepted the Spadina expropriation did a huge disservice to the people in Toronto. The fellow was supposed to be to stop people from buying and driving cars, stop development and the increase in jobs in downtown Toronto and convince Toronto council and the provincial and federal governments to spend billions of dollars on transit. Of course they did not and could not do any of these things. The result: a gridlock.

Walter A. Evans, Member OAC

Does anybody remember when former general and Maclean's Honour Roll member John de Chastelain was in charge of the country's military, and our soldiers, sailors and airmen were as well as our working industrial jobs to supplement their meagre money? My only question for the former chief of defence would be how can it take so long to disarm roughly 12,000 weapons in Northern Ireland when in just a few years you were responsible for disarming an entire country's forces?

George Dale, President Methodist OAC

Your July 1 issue made perfect reading on Canada Day. Bravo to Winnipeg physician Gilles Picotte, who cares about the health not only of Aboriginals, but also of all Canadians. He values his Métis heritage, but benefits from being raised in an intercultural family. Meanwhile, the Aboriginals' chief chief, Matthew Coon-Come ("Tough Guy," Politics), prefers to hold as many of his people as possible in reserves—the Canadian equivalent

of refugee camps—using them as bargaining chips in a political power game, the object of which is to create little empires for Aboriginal leaders. Coon-Come obviously did not get either his formidable education or his black belt in karate by living a strictly traditional life, so why does he want to deny his fellow citizens the opportunity to learn and prosper by joining the mainstream of Canadian life?

Rob Weir, Member OAC

#### Indian affairs

Your article "Tough Guy" deals with Matthew Coon-Come as an much length as Indian Affairs Minister Robert Nault, yet the headline focuses on Nault, another politician, like an Aboriginal. Contrast the two. Nault, not an abstract thinker according to others, relies on his own very limited experience of a few reserves as a white politician to make judgements. Coon-Come, an Aboriginal who grew up on a reserve, does not rely on his own experience, nor even that of the chiefs, but has always gone directly to the people. Nault is quoted as saying "Why is it that Canada is extremely successful, and the First Nations aren't?" How else we reasoning "success"? Coon-Come is a success. He lives his philosophy of his God, his family, his people. He doesn't look at "per capita" success; he looks at each person as an individual. Nault also says, "I conclude that they need good governance and modern infrastructure."

If he wants to know what "they" need, he should do as Coon-Come has done. He should spend time living with the elders, participating. He should sit in discussions on a reserve, bring around the stories after dark talking to young people and try to understand what we have taken from these generations of youth. If I were to choose the Honour Roll of "Canadians who have made a difference," Matthew Coon-Come would be at the top of the list.

Marjorie Jeanne Collins, Perry Sound, Ont.

We Canadians have a well-earned reputation as a fair minded people, always willing to take the first steps toward righting a perceived injustice. It is in this spirit that the First Nations Governance Act



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was drafted, to provide effective redress for some outdated concepts of the Indian Act of 1876. It gives increased self-sufficiency to native band councils and makes them more responsible to their band members. National Chief Con Curren is passionate in his efforts to right the perceived "racially motivated" injustices of the Indian Act. By rejecting the improvement of this new initiative, however, he adopted a rigid, inflexible attitude, uncharacteristic for a Canadian. He should accept the federal government's offer, even if it isn't exactly what he wants it to be. He can use it to help build a better life for his people. That's the Canadian way.

Bill Little, Cornerbrook, N.S.

Former prime minister Pierre Trudeau was right, the Indian Act has to go. This is not abstract, so poor and/or states, it is basic. It is not possible to fully control what is an inherently racist document. From the moment we define a group of people on the basis of race, culture and family tree, we are in big trouble.

Rob Colburn, Seabrook, N.C.

#### The way to treat waste

Prince Edward Island's continuing leadership in waste management and concern for the environment is commendable and serves as a fine example for other Canadian municipalities. Your July 1 article "P.E.I. tightening the cash in waste" (The Week) could have been enhanced by noting that P.E.I.'s waste-management system includes a facility in Charlottetown with a capability of converting 30,000 tonnes of waste into valuable energy each year.

Ed K. McElroy, Pictou/Annapolis, N.S.

#### Gold mudflats

Just read Bob Levin's article "Muddling through" (The Back Page, July 1) about removing from cancer and home to top, boy, did he capture the situation just right. Some claim we belong to. After a bout with non-Hodgkin's lymphoma, I can identify with every word he wrote—being curled along in a cushion of love and the kindness of others, the fear of saying the word "e-e-r-r-r" without looking over my shoulder to see if the disease gods might hear, the triviality of



so many need-to-be important things, the gradual slip back into old ways and old attitudes. I've been searching for a word to describe what we are now, something more positive than cancer "survivor," which sounds like a lot of doctors hanging up on the rocks after the ship went down, and certainly doesn't acknowledge all the work we have to do to keep hale and hearty. Levin has given me a word. Maybe we should be called "muddlers"—gold mudflats, of course.

Shawn Weisman, Victoria

Bob Levin's column was right on with any thought. It read more than any article or book I have read since I went through my cancer experience in 2000. I, too, have got on with it and wonder the fear, when it arises, is the ground I put want to expunging itself.

Annex Harris, New York, Ont.

#### One is the loneliest number

When Lorne Calvert read the July 1 "Scoundrel" (The Week), he must have been very disappointed to discover that he is no longer the NDP's premier of Saskatchewan and that his old friend, Gary Doer, is left to go it alone as "the last NDP premier."

Jerry and Betty Stone, Glenora, Man.

#### Shareholder value

I do not believe that management's often stated goal of getting its share price higher in order to create value and wealth for shareholders is a valid objective ("An inflated notion of worth," Business, July 1). This can be looked at in a number of ways. For example, if there were only one shareholder, the focus would be on maximizing the long-term cash-flow payout to the shareholder, ultimately through dividends. Why should this focus be any different if there are 10 or 30,000 shareholders? Management must focus

on creating wealth inside the company and then in some transferring that wealth out to the shareholders. For shareholder A to realize his increase in wealth, he must sell the shares to shareholder B. There is a transfer of wealth from A to B, but taken together there has been no wealth creation, and as a group they are no better off than before. Where, then, is the pressure on management to get the share price up coming from? It arises, ironically, from current shareholders, so they can't stop becoming shareholders through enticing other investors to transfer their wealth to them. A related issue is the reason often stated for saving options to management: it is done in order to align the interests of management with those of the shareholders. Once again this is a fairly good management incentive: the options can benefit only by causing to own the shares through selling them on the market at a profit to other shareholders.

Peter L. Brown, Toronto

When I was a young man working out in the workforce, there were few stockholders to worry about. The profits a business made were simply divided among the owners, administrators, management and workers. Now, administrators and shareholders take the lion's share of the profits and leave only crumbs for management and workers to fight over. In fact, when we look at the incredible profits being taken by CEOs when they cash in their own excessive shareholdings before announcing the company's losses for the year, these may be the greatest example of profitable pyramid schemes than the stock market itself.

William Clapp, Toronto, Ont.

Good companies worry about creating value rather than price. They use some of their real profits to pay dividends and use the rest for long-term growth.

Quilley Allen, Calgary

The message from the current accounting debacle is whatever you invest in, be sure the accounts are honestly reviewed before you invest. Question—how does the ordinary investor do this? Well, uh, most question please.

Frank Gies, Burlington, Ont.

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Dr. Jill Tartar, Astronomer, Director of the Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence (SETI) Institute

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## THEWEEK



### ScoreCard

**Active lives**  
Ontario premier recently the legislature to try about as a planning improvement to end Toronto's garbage strike. Issues remain, but the city starts breaking even.

**Paul Martin**  
Martin's name financial supporters is rising possible leadership from Kevin PM. May have a point, but bad optics.

**William Jackson**  
Cally Sony Music. Investment Inc. chief Tommy Molise. "Tocant" for not providing sufficient effort, enough. How about a better idea?

**William Gibson**  
Gibson's name former CEO of WorldCom Inc. refuses to testify about US\$1.8-billion claim. Despite lawyer advice, he's against talking. Although he really, really wants to. R & R.

### Cities | Toronto finally says good riddance to bad rubbish

Toronto residents are finally saying good riddance to their rubbish. Premier Ernie Eves called a rare emergency session of the legislature, dragging 103 NDPs away from their summer access to order the city's struggling employees back to work. In a dispute largely over job security, Toronto's 6,800 outside workers went on strike on June 26, followed eight days later by 15,000 inside workers. Everyone from day-care workers to lifeguards at municipal swimming pools to water inspectors walked off the job, but it was the striking garbage collectors who caused the most disruption. So many Torontonians ignored the designated drop-off areas—and the boards of decency—that coming rounds of stinking refuse quickly piled up across much of Canada's largest city. The province's chief medical officer of health, Dr. Colin DeCusba, set the mood in Queen's Park in motion when he sent a letter to Eves last week recommending action to prevent a "potential public health risk."

It took the unanimous consent of all three parties to pass the back to work legislation in a single day—something the nine-member NDP caucus initially balked at. That moment debate on the legislature could have dragged on for up to two weeks. But under pressure from Toronto residents, the NDP ultimately agreed to the bill.

Although workers were back on the job the next day, the recompense of services was staggered. The garbage collectors, who will begin regular pickup this week, started with cleaning city streets and mending illegal dump sites. Still, the garbage won't disappear overnight—officials predicted it would take more than a week to clean up the unruly mess. But at least that should be in advance of the World Youth Day festival. The Toronto portion runs from July 22 to 28, where some 350,000 young Catholics and Pope John Paul II will visit the city. Cleanliness is, after all, near to godliness.

The trash piled up at locations across the city after outside and inside workers went on strike, but last week Eves revealed the legislature to put an end to the misadventure.

**A Timothy Clifton**  
An expert summarized through questions held by the Saskatchewan and through the 10 board a Medical Council. Last week's strike was confirmed—in the face of 100,000 million.

**George W. Bush**  
Talks tough on corporate and environmental regulations of sustainable practices while he was in the private sector. Do as I say, not as I do?

**John Kerry**  
Williams:  
Son of Upper Ted Williams reportedly has father's body cryogenically frozen, hoping to risk in an possible DNA business. Worth bet.



"Unfortunately, there is too much anecdotal evidence that supporters of mine may be treated less fairly than supporters of other potential leadership candidates."

Paul Martin, explaining why he did not join his former cabinet colleagues in disclosing donations to his leadership campaign.



## THE PROMISE OF TRAVEL

Maclean's editor Anthony Wilson-Smith wanted a reporter who'd get on a plane with only a roomer's notice to follow breaking news.

He found that in Jonathan Gotsheuse, who joined Maclean's as the National Affairs Correspondent last fall. Gotsheuse has a reputation as a hard-assed, bilingual reporter with a variety of interests whose well-prepared, well-written pieces present the facts and offer a unique perspective.

"Deeply cynical" — that's how Gotsheuse describes himself. "I'm actually inclined not to believe what people tell me," says Gotsheuse. "As a journalist, cynicism is great but I have to control it when I'm doing interviews. I don't let it shut down my sources."

So far, Gotsheuse has written about the ethnic score from Washington and pursued stories in Kuwait, Egypt and Israel and the Palestinian territories, where he dodged rubber bullets outside Yasser Arafat's Ramallah compound.

While the promise of travel helped draw Gotsheuse to Maclean's, the opportunity to write 4,000- to 5,000-word features was also appealing. "Not every story can be told in 800 words," says Gotsheuse, who graduated from the University of Toronto and Montreal's Concordia University. Although he barely missed Grin 13 French, his French is now fluent thanks to the University of Laval's immersion program and his two years at the Montreal Gazette.

In this issue, Gotsheuse, pictured in Egypt above, looks at how the Catholic Church in Canada is dealing with priests who prey on children.

## THE WEEK

## Extending the family tree

Deputy Prime Minister and Finance Minister John Manley (\$169,450 in cash, \$2,500 in in-kind contributions) and Heritage Minister Sheila Copps (\$48,995 in cash, \$5,494 in in-kind contributions). Noticeably absent were any members from the Prime Minister's chief rival, Paul Martin, who since his ouster from cabinet on June 2 was under no obligation to comply. The disclosures also failed to silence those critics of the Liberal party's ethics, who deemed Chrétien's rules left too many loopholes.



## Full disclosure, sort of

In an effort to divert a mounting ethics scandal, Jean Chrétien disclosed in June that cabinet members must disclose donations to their leadership campaigns. By last week's deadline, Industry Minister Allan Rock revealed he'd received \$329,590 in cash and \$92,341 in in-kind contributions. That put

him well ahead of his next closest rivals. Deputy Prime Minister and Finance Minister John Manley (\$169,450 in cash, \$2,500 in in-kind contributions) and Heritage Minister Sheila Copps (\$48,995 in cash, \$5,494 in in-kind contributions). Noticeably absent were any members from the Prime Minister's chief rival, Paul Martin, who since his ouster from cabinet on June 2 was under no obligation to comply. The disclosures also failed to silence those critics of the Liberal party's ethics, who deemed Chrétien's rules left too many loopholes.

## Effective placebo

A study of 180 patients with arthritis lesions published in *The New England Journal of Medicine* showed fake operations are as good as real ones for relieving the pain. Researchers at the Houston Veterans Affairs Medical Center and Baylor College of Medicine divided patients with osteoarthritis into three groups, with their permission. People in two groups underwent actual surgery while members of the third were subjected to only small incisions. Patients were not told which group they were in. In a two-year follow-up, patients in all of the three groups reported similar improvement.

## Queen Canilish?

The Church of England Synod broke with tradition and voted 269 to 83 to allow divorced individuals to marry in "exceptional" circumstances. Individual priests could decide to permit a church wedding while a former spouse is still living. That could pave the way for Prince Charles to marry his long-time companion, divorcee Camilla Parker Bowles.

## Bizarre family feud

The children of beachfront great-uncle Williams, who died on July 5 at age 83, are locked in a bizarre dispute over his remains. Barbara Joyce Williams Feneal filed her father—who passed 406 in 1941, the last major league player to hit over 400—had always wanted to be cremated. The ashes of the Boston Red Sox outfielder known as the Splendid Splinter were to be scattered over the Florida Keys, a favorite fishing haunt. But Feneal accused her half brother, John Henry Williams, of shipping their father's body to a facility in Arizona, to be cryptogenically frozen for possible harvesting.

## Passages

**DEED** A three-time Oscar nominee, Rod Steiger finally won an Academy Award in 1965 for his role as a volatile sheriff in the film *In the Heat of the Night*. Born in Worthington, N.Y., Steiger had prominent roles in 1954's *On the Waterfront* and 1967's *Doctor Zhivago*. The actor, 77, died of pneumonia and kidney failure in a Los Angeles hospital.



**SOLD** For more than 20 years, *The Measure of the Invention*—a painting by the 17th-century Flemish painter Peter Paul Rubens—hung in an Austrian monastery. Last week, it became the third most valuable painting ever sold at auction when Sotheby's in London slammed the hammer down on a \$119-million bid. The buyer is rumored to be a well-known collector and Toronto-based chairman of Thomson Corp., David Thomson.

**ANNOUNCEMENT** Researchers at an Atlanta university announced that the mummy that stood for 140 years in Queen's kinship Nubia (also known as Egyptian pharaoh Nubennef I). The remains of the pharaoh of Egypt's 19th dynasty (Ramesses I) ruled from 1293-1285 BC will be returned to Cairo in 2004.

**DIED** Joan Badger, the California-born author of *How the Heather Looks* and the children's book *Giver's Day*, moved to Canada in 1970. Though she initially resided in Toronto, Badger moved to Toledo, B.C., in 2000 when she learned she had cancer. Badger, 78, died at hospital.

**ANNOUNCED** The celebrated Toronto, L.A.-based architect Frank Gehry unveiled plans for his first Canadian building, a winery in Jordan. On July 6, Gehry, 73, also announced that he will undertake a reported \$150 million makeover of the Art Gallery of Ontario.

**NAMED** Stacey Dales-Schwartz, 32, of Brockville, Ont., and Tammy Simon-Brown, 24, of Marlham, Ont., are the first Canadians ever named to the WNBA all-star team.

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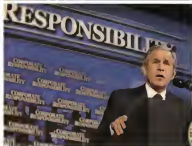
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## Economy | The President speaks—anxiety markets plunge

The black marker was inevitable: What does CEO now stand for? Chief Executive Officer? Or, as investors seemed at the equity they could get in a week that started badly and got worse. First, WorldCom Inc. officials, including former CEO Scott Dabney, refused to testify at a congressional hearing about the company's US\$1 billion accounting debacle. Then U.S. stock markets plunged as rumors and revelations of new accounting irregularities hit. Enron's collapse after company EnronMyers Squibb Co. a white investigation by the SEC and the Exchange Commission for inflating sales last year by \$1 billion, while Qwest Communications International Inc. could face criminal charges for its accounting problems. Hopes were high that George W. Bush's personal would reform badly run and lead in the U.S. financial system. Promising to do "heavy lifting on our power to use the days of cooking the books," he announced larger criminal fraud sentences, a \$100 million boost to the SEC's budget, and creation of a corporate fraud task force. The President also urged firms to not make loans to corporate officers. Still, his initiatives met with withering criticism.

of his DNA. Scientists and ethicists alike reacted with horror at the notion of anyone trying to clone the Hall of Famer.

### Crash fallout

Swiss President Roger Villiger cancelled a trip to Moscow to attend a ceremony for

crash because many were suggestions, not new laws, and he stepped aside of calling for fiscal reform of the troubled accounting industry. The next day, the Senate unanimously passed a tough amendment to the accounting oversight bill which would create an independent body to oversee and discipline auditing and ethics rules.

But's problems only deepened the conservative public interest group National Watch is suing his vice president, Dick Cheney, for alleged accounting irregularities when he was CEO of Halliburton Co. in the 1990s. And Bush himself faced increasingly painful questions about his stint more than a decade ago as a director at Harken Energy Corp. Some of the practices he used the company undertook at the time—selling \$800,000 worth of stock just before bad corporate news was released publicly, and hiding nearly \$18 million in debt to make the balance sheets look good—are similar to actions taken at the now-bankrupt Enron Corp. and WorldCom. One thing all these companies—except EnronMyers—have in common the auditor Arthur Andersen.

July 1 plane crash victims after Russian authorities couldn't guarantee his safety. All 71 crew and passengers—most of them Russian schoolchildren—were killed when a Tupolev Tu-154 collided with a cargo plane over northern Germany, but in Swiss-controlled air space. Families of

the victims were angered by the revelation that the Swiss air traffic controller—the only one on duty—told the Russian plane to descend, which contradicted its collision avoidance system warning to climb. Aircade crashed into the cargo plane, which was also descending. Meanwhile, Swiss authorities have now ordered that at least two air traffic controllers must be on duty at radar stations at any given time.

### A too-familiar tale

A Mack Inglewood, Calif., teenager and his family filed a federal civil rights suit against two law enforcement agencies and four police officers who were caught on videotape beating the youth. The July 6 tape, which has been played repeatedly on television, showed an officer restraining Doreen Jackson, 16, who was handcuffed and limp, into a car and pushing her. Meanwhile, a prosecutor broke with protocol and revealed that a grand jury was investigating the incident. When Mitchell Crooks, the man who recorded the amateur video, was talking on a cell phone, the prosecutor telephoned and told him he would be subpoenaed. A day later, Crooks was arrested on outstanding warrants for perjury theft, driving under the influence, and a hit and run.

### Telus disconnects 6,000

Telus Corp., burdened with \$8.8 billion in long-term debt, will slash 6,000 jobs over the next year. Chief executive Darren Entwistle said the cuts would result in "cost savings and efficiency gains" but didn't cite a dollar amount. The Burnaby, B.C.-based phone company also said it will cut its customer contact centres in B.C. and Alberta to 28 offices in nine communities from 66 offices in 20 communities.

### Al-Murabbi convicted

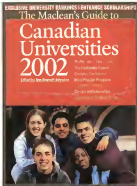
A Russian man suspected of being an al-Qaeda agent was convicted in a Buffalo, N.Y., court on the minor charge of crossing the border illegally at Niagara Falls. Nabil al-Murabbi, 35, a one-time Toronto photocopy clerk, was picked up last September near Chicago and held as a suspect in the Sept. 11 attacks. None of that was mentioned when he appeared in court last week. He could be sentenced to up to eight months in jail or deported.

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# MACLEAN'S



## Outdoors | The big smoke

A conflagration in Quebec added to the misery of what was already a very bad year for forest fires. In the area around the Cree community of Nitassinan east of James Bay, 18 water-bombers barely quenched fires that had consumed 345,000 hectares of boreal forest. Some of the more than 40 blazes—15 of which at one time burned out of control—produced such high heat and rising air currents that it was dangerous for the planes to fly too close. The village's 400 residents were temporarily evacuated. Smoke and flames from the burning snarled flow for air traffic, leaving cities from Toronto to Washington to Saint John, N.B., with a yellow haze. In some places, public health officials urged people with respiratory or heart

problems to stay indoors. By week's end, about 400 firefighters had managed to put out or bring most of the fires under control—with the help of a good weather. "We couldn't ask for better weather," said David Phillips, senior climatologist with Environment Canada.

But just as the situation was improving in Quebec, firefighters in the West were bracing for a renewed round of fires. Down in from the American southwest is, according to Phillips, "making the trees dry." Alberta and Saskatchewan, with more than 1,570 separate blazes since April, have already eclipsed last year's total by nearly 400. The 1.8 million burning hectares in Alberta, Saskatchewan and Quebec surpass the national 19-year average by almost 40 per cent. In Alberta, hundreds of people from small hamlets

lost some of the 245,000 hectares of forest that fire has razed in northern Quebec.

in the northern parts of the province left their homes to escape smoldering fires. And in Saskatchewan, almost 400 Prairie-Albert residents were evacuated from their homes as an inferno that had already consumed 700,000 hectares of forest edged nearer to the city limits.

The hot, dry air may have come from the U.S.—but the weather wasn't responsible for the largest fire over in Arizona and Colorado. In both states, prosecutors have charged firefighters with setting the blazes. The one in Arizona swept over 185,000 hectares and destroyed more than 400 homes, while the one in Colorado destroyed 55,000 hectares and more than 130 homes.

## TO THOSE WHO PLAYED OR ATTEMPTED TO PLAY A McDONALD'S GAME

**NOTICE OF PROPOSED SETTLEMENT, CLASS CERTIFICATION, AND HEARING TO THE FOLLOWING CLASS.** All persons who, from January 1, 1979, through December 31, 2001, participated in, or obtained or attempted to obtain an official game piece, stamp or card in any game of chance, or chance and skill, whereby prizes were to be distributed among participants through the use of game pieces, stamps, cards, random drawings or random selection sponsored by McDonald's or any McDonald's restaurants in the U.S., Canada, Puerto Rico, Guam, U.S. Virgin Islands, Arabia, Jamaica, Bahamas, Colombia, Japan, St. Maarten, Suriname, and Trinidad ("Gamespace Territory") other than those who were employed by or agents of Simon Marketing or McDonald's.

Plaintiffs in a case pending in the Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois, individually and on behalf of the Class, have sued Simon Marketing, Inc. and McDonald's Corporation ("Defendants") relating to the embroilment of winning game pieces from McDonald's games. The suit alleges unjust enrichment and violations of consumer fraud laws of all fifty states. McDonald's has agreed to a settlement. In doing so, McDonald's continues to vigorously deny that it violated any law. Your rights may be affected by the settlement. The Honorable Stephen A. Schiller ("Court") has preliminarily approved the settlement and scheduled a Final Fairness Hearing ("Hearing"). The Court has appointed plaintiffs in Solard et al. v. Simon Marketing, Inc. and McDonald's, case no. 01CDH13603 as Class representatives and Glen Barrow, Aron D. Robinson, and Steven G. Schurman as Plaintiffs' Lead Counsel ("Class Counsel"). Plaintiffs and Class Counsel believe the settlement confers substantial benefits upon the Class and that it is fair, adequate, reasonable and in the best interest of the Class.

**THE RELEASE TO BE GIVEN TO DEFENDANTS IN THE SETTLEMENT IS BROAD AND WILL RELEASE OTHER CLAIMS UNDER FEDERAL AND STATE LAW WHICH YOU MAY HAVE AGAINST DEFENDANTS. IF YOU BELIEVE YOU HAVE OTHER CLAIMS, YOU SHOULD CAREFULLY CONSIDER WHETHER YOU WISH TO REMAIN A MEMBER OF THE CLASS, OR WHETHER YOU SHOULD EXCLUDE YOURSELF FROM THE CLASS.**

Under the terms of the settlement, McDonald's has agreed to: (1) run a prize giveaway in which fifteen \$1 million prizes (twenty annual \$50,000 payments) will be randomly awarded to persons in attendance at McDonald's restaurants in the Gamespace Territory with no purchase necessary; (2) expand up to less than \$2 million to publish notice of the settlement and administer the giveaway; (3) pay legal fees and expenses awarded by the Court; Class Counsel will seek no more than \$2 million; and (4) permit Class Counsel to seek approval to pay incentive awards to Class representatives (\$1,000) and certain named plaintiffs (\$500).

If you agree with the settlement and wish to participate, you need do nothing. You have a right to exclude yourself from the Class, or to object to the terms of the proposed settlement. Requests for exclusion and/or objections must be in writing and signed by you personally, or by your legal representative or counsel, in accordance with these procedures: **(A) If you choose to exclude yourself, your request for exclusion must state:** (1) your name and address, and (2) if you sue, to the best of your recollection, the name(s) of the McDonald's game(s) you played and the approximate date(s) and city(ies) of your participation. Your request must be sent by mail to P.O. Box 3009, Oak Brook, IL 60522-3009 and postmarked no later than August 28, 2002, and **(B) If you choose to object, you must:** (1) submit documentary proof or affidavit that you are a member of the Class; (2) state the basis for your objection(s); (3) if you choose to appear at the Hearing, file a written notice of your intention to appear with the Clerk of the Court, Circuit Court of Cook County, 8th Floor, Richard J. Daley Center, Chicago, Illinois 60602 by August 28, 2002; and (4) serve copies of the foregoing papers, by the same date to the following: Ben Barrow, Esq., Barrow and Associates, P.C., One N. LaSalle Street, Suite 4500, Chicago, IL 60602 and David J. Doyle, Esq., Winston & Strawn, 35 W. Wacker Drive, Chicago, IL 60601.

If you timely exclude yourself from the Class, you will not be bound by the settlement, nor will you be eligible to win any of the \$1 million prizes in the giveaway. If you remain a member of the Class and there is final approval of the Class settlement, you will be bound by its terms and you will have fully and finally released McDonald's Corporation, all McDonald's franchisees, Simon Marketing Inc., Simon Worldwide, Inc., and each of their officers, employees, agents, related entities and vendors from all claims based upon, related to or arising out of, during the period of 1/1/79 to 12/31/01: (1) the theft, conversion, misappropriation, seeding, dissemination, redemption or non-redemption of a winning prize or winning game piece in any McDonald's game; (2) any advertisement, publication, representation, statement, assertion or omission directly pertaining to any McDonald's game; (3) the administration, execution or operation of any McDonald's game; and (4) the \$10 million Instant Gamespace by McDonald's over Labor Day weekend of 2001. All persons who do not timely exclude themselves from the Class will be precluded from instituting or continuing to pursue other lawsuits against Defendants if the settlement is approved. For a copy of the notice containing more information regarding this Class to be released, log on to [www.gamespacesettlement.com](http://www.gamespacesettlement.com) or send a request with your address to P.O. Box 3009, Oak Brook, IL 60522-3009.

The Hearing has been scheduled for September 17, 2002 at 2:00 p.m., in the Circuit Court of Cook County, Richard J. Daley Center, Chicago, Illinois, Room 2432, before the Court at or before, whether the proposed settlement should be finally approved as fair, reasonable, and adequate to hear and rule upon objections, if any, and to determine whether and in what amount legal fees and expenses should be awarded. The terms of the settlement are set forth in detail in the parties' Settlement Agreement, which is available at [www.gamespacesettlement.com](http://www.gamespacesettlement.com) or at the office of the Clerk of the Court, Circuit Court of Cook County, 8th Floor, Richard J. Daley Center, Chicago, Illinois 60602. By Order of the Honorable Stephen A. Schiller, Judge of the Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois, County Department, Chancery Division.

## KEEPING THE FAITH ALIVE



In a time of crisis and imminent change in the Catholic Church, hundreds of young faithful are coming to join Pope John Paul II in Toronto

Two young men at Windermere Lake, B.C., carry the WYD cross during an early stage of its eastward journey

**POPE JOHN PAUL II**, now 82 and in the 25th year of his pontificate, is one of the most significant leaders in the modern history of the Roman Catholic Church. He's best known in the outside world for his travels, his part in the fall of Soviet-bloc Communism and his theological conservatism—an unyielding opposition to contraception, abortion, divorce and female ordination. But with in the Church, in his role as pastor to one billion faithful, John Paul is equally noteworthy for his deep concern over the lives of Catholic youth in a secularized culture.

In 1984 and 1985, which was also the UN's International Year of Youth, the Pope hosted gatherings of young Catholics in Rome on Palm Sunday. The turnout, in the hundreds of thousands, encouraged him to create World Youth Day, which is held locally, in each diocese, and internationally, in a single place, during alternate years. The international gatherings—in Argentina, Spain, Poland, the U.S., the Philippines, France and Italy—have attracted enormous crowds, topped by the 4.5 million who attended the Pope's Manila mass, and have proved to be remarkable love-ins between the elderly pontiff and his young flock.

Now it's Toronto's turn. At the conclusion of WYD 2000 in Rome, John Paul announced that Canada would be the next international host. Since then the pope's increasing health problems—Parkinson's disease and severe arthritis—slur his speech and restrict his movements—have many Canadian Catholics worried he may not be able to make the trip. Although organizers have been assured John Paul will come as scheduled on July 23, it's very possible the Canadian WYD will be his last. Organizers also worry that 350,000 young people will regard as John Paul's mission to join him in Toronto. Most don't compare their speech with some of those

**PEOPLE MARVEL** that Rachel Jacobs, 21, is so devoted to her Church. What about the residential schools, they ask. "I am Catholic, yes. And people went to residential schools, yes. But that's still my faith," says the member of the Squamish Band of North Vancouver. She knows many first-hand—positively and adversely—by the church-run schools. "My grandfather attended residential school and he said if he didn't, he probably wouldn't have gotten an education. He is really thankful that he got to go." Fellow band member and parishoner Chris Nohanne, 22, concurs. He knows elders who say they benefited from residential school, including his grandfather, and so many who hated the experience.

Jacobs recognizes that many reserve the schools for stripping away their language and culture, but, she adds, "the Church has caused a long way since then." At St. Paul's Indian Catholic Church on reserve lands, hymns are often sung in the Squamish language, and traditional beliefs intermingled with Catholic liturgy at services and funerals, says Jacobs. "Our church has immense respect for Squamish culture. They embrace it completely."

Jacobs and Nohanne are disappointed that few young people attend. "I think a lot of kids see the Church as a major authority figure, and any type of authority figure across kids," Jacobs says. Both are excited by the potential for the Toronto gathering to give the young a greater voice in Church affairs. Says Nohanne: "I want to get the feeling of all these people any age coming together."

**MELISSA GOTTRELL**, 26, an international development student at Saint Mary's University in Halifax, knows what to expect when she makes the pilgrimage to Toronto for World Youth Day 2002. "It was an overwhelming experience," she says of the 2000 gathering in Rome she attended. If Congress is any indication, the scandals overshadowing the Catholic priesthood

should only add to the intensity of the experience. "I find that my faith grows when things are challenging it," says Cornejo, who coordinates the Halifax diocese's summer camps. The scandals "are forcing me to learn more about what it means to be Catholic and how I want to live my life as a Catholic."

**DWAYNE FERNANDES**, 33, was raised Catholic in his native India, where he worked at a variety of jobs (hotel receptionist, radio host, publisher) before deciding to enter the priesthood three years ago. Fernandes came to Canada that past winter to continue his studies; he intends to serve in the Calgary diocese. He is eagerly looking forward to participating in World Youth Day. "If I get to meet the Pope," he says, "that will be the biggest highlight of my life."

Fernandes, who says he's willing to take up the challenge of celibacy, is "very sad" to read articles about sexual abuse perpetrated by priests. "I grieve for them," he says. "But there are so many other, good priests out there who are serving God in the media. I think this is bringing the Church together, and people are realizing their mistakes. The Church will go ahead." He acknowledges that it's difficult to live a life of faith in a secular era, but adds that many are starting to question a life without God. "There is a lot of materialism, but slowly people are coming back to the Church. They are searching and they haven't found the truth yet. I think spirituality will take over eventually."

**FOR 16-YEAR-OLD LITA EROLIS** of Victoria, the allegations of sexual misconduct rocking her Church hit uncomfortably close to home in April. Her Fr. Philip Jacobs, a popular local priest, resigned abruptly from St. Joseph the Worker Church after he was learned he'd been dismissed from a diocese in Columbus, Ohio in the mid-1990s for improperly touching a teenage boy. "It was a big loss," says Erolis, who is active in youth programs in several Victoria parishes. "He helped organize youth nights and stuff, he was a really big asset." But the scandals have not shaken her faith, and Erolis says her own experience with priests has been overwhelmingly positive. Their reputations are unfairly tainted by scandals, she says. "They work hard. It's one more burden for



The young Canadians who will attend World Youth Day, including telecasters from top left) Calgary's Dwayne Fernandes, siblings Paul and Theresa Margolis of Vancouver and Squamish Band members Rachel Jacobs and Chris Hahmes, are excited by the prospect of meeting other Catholic youths from around the world.



them to carry one that they don't deserve, strictly every single one of them."

For Erolis, World Youth Day was a foretaste of things to come. She'll spend the next year travelling the country as part of a National Evangelization Team recruiting young people to the Church. She mentions that John Paul the only pope she has known (and will have a chance to greet, as part of a delegation of 70 young Canadian Catholics, when he arrives at the Vancouver airport), will have left the Church strong. "He knows what's best," she says. "I trust that."

**IN 1993, WHEN PAUL MARQUIS** of Vancouver was a relative youngster of 25, he walked to World Youth Day in Denver. "That was a three-month trek with a couple of friends," he says. "Today at 34, he is older and wiser—he's cycling to Toronto with his 17-year-old sister, Theresa. "Any chance that I can get to do something that is a difficult journey to a spiritual end I will do," says Marquis, who is taking a month off from his job as Web master for the archdiocese of Vancouver.

Because of time constraints, he and Theresa turned cycling from Calgary, but that's as far as the plan was. "If you don't know where you will sleep—and you don't even know how you're going to get back from where you're going—suddenly faith comes in where it may never have before," he says. "A pilgrimage from mine areas of faith comes."

This is his last youth day as an actual "youth"; the age limit is 35. He writes upon the same road of every lot left in the past, in hundreds of thousands shed their callousness and embrace their faith. "That awakening of spirituality is great to see, great to witness," Marquis says. He expects his spiritual journey will leave him emotionally, and physically, lighter.

**ANIE CHARLEBOIS**, 25, from St. Eugene, a rural, mostly French-speaking community in eastern Quebec near the Quebec border, sees the gathering of Catholic youth as a miracle banner for young people who often have to sacrifice their faith without much

of a peer group to lean on. "When we are in our parishes, there's not a lot of youth," she says. "This is an amazing chance for us to know that we're not alone." But she also expects older Catholics to take heart from TV images of the festivities in Toronto, evidence that "our dioceses aren't just dying, that there are people who are going to take over, who will believe in Christ."

As a University of Ottawa psychology student, with aspirations to go on to medical school, Charlebois often discusses her religious convictions with non-believers, and says she usually gets a very respectful hearing. As for the departing strains about sexual abuse involving priests in the United States, the 25-year-old Catholic can't let it dampen their enthusiasm—or threaten their faith. "Sure, it's disturbing and people talk about it," she says. "But bad things can happen everywhere. It doesn't come from God." ■

Anie Charlebois's young people often do less committed to their religion than previous generations. See on-line, [www.macleans.ca](http://www.macleans.ca)

# A CHURCH IN DENIAL

IT'S A FACE that has played host to a lot of fits: John Canzio's nose is crooked, there are reminders of past stitches around the corners of his eyes, and his forehead has as many bumps as a country road. But he scars from his two seasons as a junior B tough guy, plus the years of rage- and alcohol-fueled bar brawls that followed. Sitting in a quiet corner of a Toronto restaurant, he rolls up a sleeve to show the evidence of the deeper fight he's been waging, the one that underlies all his anger. "And of course, everyone has one of these," he deadpans, nodding towards the ugly pink scar just below the elbow. "All said, I've tried to kill myself at least 12 times."

Canzio is articulate about the depths of his unhappiness. There was the time he shut the garage door and left the car running. The bottles of pills he swallowed. The day he took the boat for out into Lake Erie and tried to work up the gumption to swim away. "For every reason that everyone else is glad to be alive, I'm not," says the 33-year-old collections manager for a credit card company. "I have problems at work. I've had a new best friend every year for the past 14 years. Relationships are impossible. I have a girlfriend now, but a month from now, I won't have her." And he knows just who he blames for his troubles—the Catholic priest who sexually assaulted him around the time of his 16th birthday, and the Church that kept his abuser sheltered for so many years.

In the wake of coverage the U.S. media has been accorded revelations of scandal and perjury in Catholic dioceses across that country, there's a line about Canada that often crops up. American Catholics could have learned a thing or two from how their cousins to the north dealt with damn, more than a decade ago, of widespread sexual abuse at residential schools and orphanages. The stories talk about the tough guidelines the Canadian

Catholic bishops unveiled in 1990—calling for "responding fairly and openly" to all allegations, stressing the need to "respect" the jurisdiction of outside authorities, and recommending counselling and compensation for the victims. There's an inference that Canadian Catholics have put their troubles behind them.

But run those notions past advocates and lawyers representing the thousands of Canadians who say they too have been victimized by Catholic priests, and the response you get tends toward hollow laughter. *From Pain to Hope*, the Church's showcase handbook for dealing with abuse and abusers, has turned out to be mostly show, they say. "If there's a way in which the Canadian Church is better than the American Church, it's in getting away with the crime," says David Gagnon, national director of SNAP-Canada, the Survivors' Network of those Abused by Priests. "The Church treats victims with contempt and malice." Gagnon, who lives in Ottawa, says victims look at the American Church's steps toward a national "zero tolerance" policy on sexual misconduct, and even criminal convictions for sexual misconduct, seem to be taken so lightly in Canada. "They resolve these guys over and over again," Gagnon says of the Canadian Church's policy of "reintegrating" fallen priests back into active ministry after treatment. "It's like asking an alcoholic to work at a liquor store."

The depth of the abuse problem facing the Catholic Church in this country is hard to sound. In recent months, there has been a spate of new allegations made against priests in Canada, but unlike the United States, where public and media interest is on the boil, here few of the cases have received widespread attention. Among them:

• Joseph Lang, a Toronto, B.C., priest placed on "administrative leave" in April. Father Lang faces allegations of

Advocates for thousands of sexual abuse claimants say the Catholic Church in Canada wants to keep the lid on a scandal as grave as the U.S. one



Canzio tried to kill himself 12 times; his abuser received nine months of house arrest

sexual activity with a minor dating back to his time as a parish priest in Cleveland, Ohio in the 1960s.

• Douglas Scamp, a Hamilton priest forced to step down from his job as a hospital chaplain this spring, when a parishioner brought to light his 1997 conviction for indecently assaulting two 12-year-old boys in Peterborough, Ont.

• High Vincent MacDonald, a retired Quebec priest, now faces multiple allegations of sexual abuse dating back to the early 1970s, when he was in the Cape Breton community of West Waterford. The accusation surfaced after David Morris, a Westcoast Island contractor, contacted a note in April, learning behind a note detailing his experiences with MacDonald. The 80-year-old filed similar charges 15 years ago, but those were dismissed. A second priest from Cape Breton is also under investigation.

• Marcus Housman, a Carmo, Man., priest, accused from his parish in June after media reports about his abusive past as a teacher at an Ottawa residential school in the 1960s. Housman had

served a decade in prison for sexual abuse and adolescent assault involving young boys before he was ordained.

• Matthew Burke, a Ukrainian Catholic priest, stepped down from his parish in Florida after revelations that he had been convicted of sexually assaulting a 14-year-old female parishioner in Mississippi, Oct. 16, 1985.

• Paul Dealans, a retired Quebec priest, has been indicted on 27 counts of indecent assault and battery dating back to his time as a parish priest in Bellfleur, Mass., between 1978 and 1984. State prosecutors will file his conviction.

It's impossible to say just how many more Canadian priests are facing allegations of abuse, because the only people with reliable statistics on the problem—the bishops in charge of the country's 71 dioceses—aren't sharing that information with the public or even central Church authorities. "The difficulty is that every diocese is kind of a *laissez-faire*," says Nancy Mayer, a Toronto social worker who oversees abuse victims. *Prize Plan* to hope offers suggestions on how to deal

with allegations of abuse, the steps, which each Canadian bishop is free to follow or ignore. The fact that it takes more than a decade, sometimes decades, to build up the confidence and courage to report their childhood experiences to authorities compounds the problem. The Church tends to regard these "historical" claims with deep suspicion, says Mayer, and the chances of a successful criminal prosecution dim with each passing year.

When civil claims for apologies, counselling and compensation are met, it's often in exchange for silence. Church lawyers regularly demand sweeping " gag" clauses that impose financial penalties if victims disclose any information about their experiences or settlement. Mayer herself has personal experience with abuse by clergy, but as a priest turned publicist distancing it by legal agreement.

Those who are able to cut through their compensation struggles with Catholic dioceses and their lawyers say the experience was in many ways worse than the abuse. Elizabeth McKenna spent 20 days on the witness stand in a Toronto court-

room in the spring of 2002, before the diocese of Saskatoon. Marie and her insurers finally agreed to settle a \$3-million lawsuit she had pursued for a decade. "They really put the gloves on," says McKenna. "I'll never forget one of the lawyer's questions: 'Do you have an opinion about my insurance?'" In the run-up to trial, the says, high school acquaintances were approached by private investigators seeking information about her past.

McKenna was a devoutly religious 17-year-old who wanted to become a nun when her parish priest, Father Francis Reed, initiated a sexual relationship with her. The encounter continued for years, even as a confused McKenna plunged into depression and self-destructive behaviour—today, at age 55, her arms are covered with white scars from caustic cigarette burns and knife cuts. Ultimately McKenna, who had Reed extremely charged, (although she did not go so far as to say the crown would not proceed with prosecution), received an undisclosed financial settlement, as well as a

signed written apology from Saskatoon Bishop Jean-Louis Morin for the priest's "unethical conduct." Father Reed continues to serve three parishes in northern Ontario.

Jack Lawton, a St. John's lawyer who has been involved in dozens of abuse claims in Newfoundland and Labrador, says food-dragging and harmful legal tactics on the part of the church, when you challenge the Catholic Church in Canada. "It takes time to even begin to deal with one of these cases," says Lawton. "They go through all the legal steps and perjure the defences they possibly can." The lawyer says he can recall only one instance when the Church offered to pay for a session of psychological counselling. For a victim, as is recommended in *Prize Plan* to Hope, that he routinely makes such requests.

**JOHN CARUSO'S STORY** seems to highlight the worst aspects of the challenges facing Catholics in Canada, and the way the Church responds to them. His family moved to Port Erie, Ont., in 1982, just

after he turned 13. Devout Catholic—Caruso's dad is Seamus, his mother, Frances Caruso—they quickly left behind the parish priest, Father James Kende, after leaving his home for dinner. Caruso had grown up around priests, but Kende was different. He was young, and kind, unapologetic about coming in front of the kids, and he liked to hang out with members of the youth group. From the very beginning, Kende took a great interest in Caruso's spiritual and academic development, so his parents' delight: "He was a really good friend to me," Caruso recalls with a wistful shake of his head. "He was always my biggest fan. He would come cry any. My parents were pleased that I was getting guidance. For their own sake to become a priest would have been a great joy."

Caruso started to spend more and more time alone with Kende, sometimes going to the rectory for video games and staying overnight. The priest would occasionally provoke him with a look, turning him to his charged glances of fear, reminding him of Caruso's 39th birthday in 1985, Kende—who by that time had been transferred to a parish in Thornhill, a half-hour away—told Caruso to stop by his house so he could give him his present. He gave him a gift more than would kill for the keys to his car, telling him to treat the Volvo in his own vehicle. Kende then drove Caruso and his friend to a high school party, stopping on the way to buy them a 26-ounce pack of vodka.

The priest's suggestion that Caruso return to the rectory after the party, to sleep off the effects of the vodka, away from his parents, seemed in keeping with his fan-guy persona. "I got really drunk," says Caruso. "When I got back to my house I went to the bathroom and vomited. That's the last thing I remember and I woke up in the middle of the night and he was performing fellatio on me."

Confused and concerned with guilt, Caruso waited a month before he finally told his dad, Joseph, about the assault. Wanting to avoid a scandal (Caruso says his mother and siblings were unaware of what happened and remained friendly with the priest until he was eventually charged more than a decade later), his father approached Thomas Falaris, the bishop of St. Catharines, asking him to

## Taking on a life of simplicity, celibacy, service—and suspicion

"**THE WAY IS LOUD**, but the fringe benefits are out of this world," says Father Thomas Dowd, laughing from the telephone line from the monastery outside Montreal where he's working. Fringe benefit he lists the feeling of satisfaction that comes with helping someone in need, the honour at welcoming his parishioners' grateful joys and deepest sorrows and, on top, the promise of eternal life.

Ordered six months ago, Father Dowd, a 31-year-old from Montreal's West Island, as a member of a community so small it might be termed endangered—young Canadian Catholics willing to take up the challenges and twinges of the priesthood. A life of simplicity, celibacy, service and sometimes, in these troubled times for the Church, suspicion.

Dowd, who grew up in a family that he terms "baldy" rather than "religiously" Catholic, says he felt the pull of the priesthood from the time he was a young boy but that wasn't until he finished his university studies in commerce and international business, and had established himself as a manager of a software trading group for a telephone company that he came to the conclusion there wasn't better way to find meaning in life. "I

didn't feel like a ball of lightning or anything—it was a gradual process," he says. Friends, family, and co-workers were informally supportive of his altered career choice. "I don't know maybe that I written all over my face," he says. "A lot of people told me they always saw me becoming a priest."

Just a few months into his first pastoral assignment as assistant priest at Holy Name of Jesus Parish, the only English-language Catholic parish in the rapidly growing suburb of Laval north of Montreal, Dowd says the reality of being a priest has far outstripped his expectations. The sense of community with parishioners is incredible, the responsibilities and rewards fulfilling. "The other night I got a call at 4 a.m.," he says. "A parishioner's mother had just died. They asked me to come over right away. That's real life. Real concerns, gratitude—kind of dirty life. That's what I like to do."

Unfortunately, too few Canadian Catholics will ever share in these joys, says Father Luc Theriot, rector of the seminary at Saint Paul University in Ottawa. The school, which founded and trained up to 65 would-be priests at a time 35 years ago, counts just 15 stu-

dents today. The situation is similarly dire in other seminaries, notes Theriot, who estimates there are currently between 100 and 120 candidates for the priesthood in all of Canada. "Those thinking of entering the priesthood must be prepared to sacrifice completely for their choice of vocation," says Theriot. "Everyday is sacrifice: these days, wandering, but you're a priest. The world says the priest shortage is real and deeper than that," he continues, citing the growth of youth church-going and the fact that "40 or 50 years ago, priests were recognized by society at large as being important people who made a contribution to community life. Devotion certainly doesn't give you that status in the community any more."

For Dowd all a priest can do is offer a people example and the spiritual guidance people crave. "The needs of pastoral care haven't changed much in the last 2,000 years," he says. "People still need to be comforted, to have someone to confide in. This isn't McDonald's—we're not here today to empty latte people to come to our restaurant for our own profit. We're here to help people." **A1**

Dowd finds being a priest deeply rewarding



quickly deal with the problem. Kneale apologized to Canoso and his father, but he wasn't sent for treatment until 1988. After seven months of therapy at a Toronto-area mental-health facility for priests, Kneale returned to active ministry, as a hospital chaplain in St. Catharines. By 1994, he was back to parish duties at a church in Niagara Falls.

Canoso initially thought he could put the incident behind him and, in keeping with Christianity's teachings, forgive the man who had almost ruined him. But the anger and turmoil were more than he could handle; they spread out on the ice, at school, at home. Kneale kept in touch with Canoso, phoning him a few times a year, occasionally making arrangements to meet up for dinner. Somehow, the phone conversations always seemed to turn to sex, with the priest pressing Canoso for details of his adventures with girlfriends.

It was after one such conversation in 1997 that Canoso says disturbing, hazy memories started to surface. He began to fear that Kneale might have taken advantage of him on other occasions when he was drunk. (Canoso now believes Kneale drugged him, perhaps slipping Rohypnol—better known as the "date rape" drug—into the drinks he used to ply him with.) He confided in his brother, Joe, a provincial police officer, who advised John to bring charges against his priest.

When Niagara Falls police raided Kneale's apartment in the rectory that June, they found diaries containing names of boys the priest had mentored, accompanied by check marks or plus signs. Detectives seized adult videos, gay porn magazines and pictures of nude and semi-nude young men, including some of Canoso. Another man, who alleges he was assaulted in 1983, came forward, and the priest was charged with sex-related offences.

Two years later, on the third day of his trial, Kneale pleaded guilty to one count of sexual assault against Canoso (the other charges were withdrawn in exchange for the plea) and was sentenced to nine months of house arrest and 18 months probation. The charges and the sentence seemed little enough to the victim. By that point it was already more than a decade since Canoso had begun his long

series of suicide attempts. Some were cries for help, other times he lost his nerve, once, after swallowing 90 sleeping pills, he had to have his heart restarted in a hospital emergency room.

Last autumn Kneale was again returned to active ministry, this time in a Calgary parish. He was forced to resign in February after a parishioner who used to live in Canoso recognized him, and the story made its way into the local media. Fred Henry, the bishop of Calgary, publicly apologized for not consulting parishioners before firing Kneale, but expressed sympathy for the plight of the priest. "I'm very saddened by the fact that someone such as Father Kneale has to wear a scarlet mark on his forehead for the rest of his life," Henry said at the time of the resignation. "I think he has been treated unjustly."

Throughout the whole experience, says Canoso, the diocese of St. Catharines never once offered counselling or any other service to help him get over his trauma. He and his family are now suing Kneale, two former bishops and the diocese for \$8.6 million in damages. Canoso and his lawyers claim Church officials knew or should have known that Kneale was preying on young men before the 1985 murder and did nothing to stop the priest, an allegation the Church has denied in a statement of defence.

Kneale, who maintains that his sexual relationship with Canoso was consensual, refused a *Maclean's* request for an interview, as did his lawyer and a representative for the diocese of St. Catharines. The priest, who is now back in southern Ontario, has launched a counterclaim against Canoso's parents, alleging they are responsible for their son's troubles because they failed to adequately care and provide for Canoso. Kneale also alleges that Joseph Canoso "assaulted" his own son on numerous occasions. The diocese, in a separate counterclaim, goes further, saying Canoso's mother and father "knew

or should have known" about the assaults and mitigated the damage to their son by getting him counselling and treatment.

Monsignor Peter Schoenbach, general secretary of the Canadian Conference of Catholic Bishops, says the Canadian Church is proud of its record in dealing with the thorny issue of abuse by clergy, but admits that cases like Canoso's show that there is still some distance to be travelled. "We have grown into a situation where we realize that we have to be very categorical on this issue," says Schoenbach. "Zero tolerance seems to be what the public demands. Bishops now realize that they cannot simply say this person has paid their debt. The acceptance of people about this is simply not there."

Policy changes are in the works, he says, and will be debated this fall at a plenary meeting. Schoenbach says he believes a consensus is building among Canadian bishops for a more open approach to the problem. Information about alleged abusers will have to be shared, he says, and bishops will have to be prepared to give up some of their autonomy for a sexual abuse policy "firm as law" rather than simply a guideline. Schoenbach says the Church has long been challenged by the darker impulses of the spirit and the problems of dealing with sin. "We're always working against human frailties."

In the dark corner of the restaurant, John Canoso slowly turns a drinking straw around his index finger as he talks about his recovery. He's in therapy and things are a little better these days, the anger more controlled, the despair mostly in check. (In the time between the interview and the story going to press, he will call back to say the latest girlfriend is gone—just as he predicted.) This day is his half-empty evening, he almost breaks down a couple of times. "I know it's my fault. I know I'm not responsible for any part of it," he says, more to himself than anyone else. The lowest rifts about the money, it's to "stop the bullsh\*t, the lies." To make someone, somewhere, accountable for what happened to him, and who knows how many other kids in Canada. "The Church doesn't give a rat's ass about anything but the Almighty Dollar," he says, pulling the plastic across around his finger one notch higher. □



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IT IS A TRILLION DOLLARS of the state of affairs in this huge, lively city that a few decades of neglect and decay would suffice to produce a landmark. The Pera Palace, the turn-of-the-century luxury hotel of Ottoman Empire—colossus by Aga Khan and Ernest Hemingway, and frequented by the diplomats, dictators, tycoons and spies who gave Istanbul its enduring cachet as a cosmopolitan nest of wealth, decadence and intrigue—is still gleaming in its original beauty. It had been forgotten, amid the decrepit old buildings of the Pera neighborhood, and thus saved from oblivion. All it needed was a serious do-over, from hand-carved ceilings and rickety chandelier (left to vintage furniture, to become a five-star destination again. It is now frequented by trendy British schol-

## AT THE CROSSROADS

How long can the country keep up its balancing act?

ars, the sukhans, fragrant and dejected Greeks, Armenians and Kurds, and established the borders of modern-day Turkey. Atatürk died in 1938, but in a sense still owns Turkey to this day. He created the ideology and political system that have assured the survival of this man volatile of countries since 1925, as well as most of its problems and paradoxes.

Turkey is at a crossroads—that is what you hear in almost every conversation in Istanbul. Will the country remain secular and eventually join the European Union, or will it retreat into its back to Europe and become an Islamic state? Or will it fall apart or go bankrupt before being able to make a choice? "Heavily times all

the time here," says Ned Pemphillan, a British painter who moved to Istanbul to pursue the tradition of European artists fascinated by "the contrast, the contradictions, the soulful energy" of the city.

It runs into lines at a rather cosmopolitan dinner party, in the dimly lit room for the master library of an 18th-century palace. It sits on the grounds of a private park overlooking the Bosphorus, the strait that connects the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmara—and separates Europe from Asia. Pemphillan and his fellow guests extol the virtues of Atatürk, who decreed that Turkey would survive only as long as it would be able to suppress the expression of the various religious, ethnic and cultural yearnings of its individual citizens. Atatürk also mandated the military to make sure elected politicians would see to that. "The remarkable thing about Turkey is that it did not explode like the Balkans, or implode like the Soviet Union, or go down the road of religious fundamentalism like Iran and Afghanistan, because it has the unpopularity for all that," one dinner guest says. "Here's to Atatürk!" Pemphillan declares, raising his glass. "Here's to whatever the hell emerges out of this mess!"



the work. Nobody would the cable think he might be taking. Most even seems to agree. Only in Turkey.

Blowing into, educated, Western-style liberals sing the praises of a regime watched over by a politically minded military with an awful record on human rights is just a sample of the paradoxes here. Istanbul, which straddles the Bosphorus, is the largest Muslim city in Europe. Turkey is one of the few Muslim democracies in the world. It is a secular Muslim country, where women are prohibited from wearing the chador at school or work, and where religious parties are banned from active politics. Turkey does not recognize the existence of its sizable Kurdish minority—they are Kurds, period, as are other ethnic groups. Kurds are not authorized to teach their children in their language. Recently, Kurdish parents were accused of sedition for giving traditional Kurdish names to their offspring.

What makes for radical-dictatorial decisions at Istanbul dinner parties plays out for much higher stakes in the capital of Ankara, where a week's end in ailing and aged Prime Minister Bülent Ecevit was trying to hang on to a shaky governing coalition.

Celebrating Republic Day (left), in front of the Blue Mosque (above), Ecevit (at right).



government. Ecevit has seemed to be all but sidelined in recent months in the ongoing negotiations over his country's bid to join the European Union. In Brussels, Turkey is seen as alone among 13 prospective members to have failed to meet the criteria for opening membership talks. Europe is warning Turkey to clean up its act, economically and in the area of human rights, before even considering its candidacy—a prospect over which Turks themselves are deeply divided. The National Security Council (y.e. the military) recently agreed to human rights demands from the EU, including lifting emergency rule in two Kurdish provinces. This prompted a threat from one of

Ecevit's coalition members to dissolve the government if further reforms are adopted, which only underscored Turkey's difficulty in making progress in Brussels.

Now, after a string of resignations by cabinet ministers and legislators, Ecevit's coalition is on the verge of collapse. And the turmoil, there are voices calling for change to the Atatürk doctrine. Mehmet Sevil, Ecevit's top aide and ex-ambassador, has been pulled on several occasions for advocating religious freedom and denouncing what he calls the repression of the Muslim minority by the Turkish regime. "Muslim women are allowed to wear the veil if they choose in all civilized countries, but not in Turkey, a nation 99 percent Muslim," he says, sipping tea in his study this, with a collection of ancient Ottoman artifacts, looks like a baroque. According to Ecevit, Turkey is run by a shadow state that is "above the police state, and which discriminates against even moderate Muslims."

Tan Göl, a freelance TV director in Istanbul, has little patience with questions about repression. "You are not the one who could be forced to wear the chador," he says. Like all westernized Turks, he is



All the Karşıyaka Museum in Izmir. The Pera Palas hotel (middle); market scene in Istanbul

nervous over the prospect of seeing Muslim fundamentalists make political inroads in Ankara, despite the army's decree that political parties cannot run on a religious platform (polls show that, if the government falls and Turkey faces elections in the fall, a moderate Islamist party would likely make large gains). For Fikri, a wealthy army dedicated to preventing the country from sliding into anarchy is the lesser of all evils. "I have just turned 40, but I have witnessed three military coups, one president deposed and shot, three terrorist wars—one kidnapping, one ransom shot, and one religious-owning corrupt-tyranny, direct big economic crashes," she says. Her point in Turkey: the worst is indeed possible.

**ISTANBUL IS A THRIVING** metropolis of eight million people that is a bridge between Europe and Asia. It's also a place for nostalgia—although for what? Is it left to the drummer. In the cosmopolitan Istanbul of the 1990s, visible communities of Greeks, Jews, Armenians and assorted Levantines lived side by side, speaking their own languages, practicing their own religions. That is a thing of the past now. Those who were not killed or departed during the Atatürk revolution of the early 1920s have become "Turks by law."

A dry martini or two at the fabled bar of the Pera Palas is enough to evoke the era when British and German spies, Russian generals and American engineers all rubbed elbows there in the years

before the Second World War. But that's recent history. Istanbul was once the Greek city of Byzantium. In 330, it was renamed Constantinople by the emperor Constantine and became the capital of the Christian, eastern half of the Roman Empire. In 1453, it fell to the Ottoman Turks and became Istanbul, the center of yet another empire, this one Muslim.

Before Byzantium, there certainly were people here, in this spectacular and strategic landscape, doing pretty much what they are doing today: catching fish—or, more importantly, trading in goods and commodities. In a clear but unspoken division of power, politics belong to Ankara. Istanbul is now making money. Money wants to join the EU. "Istanbul is one of the most cosmopolitan cities in the world, with Hong Kong and New York," says Gurkan Kungur, a successful businessman.

Money? A glass of beer at a modest watering hole, where overflows from a nearby fish market come for a change of smell. Settle you back in 2,500,000 Turkish lira. You hand over two million and sit the waiter to keep the change—you already have enough coins to sink a ship and block the Bosphorus. Istanbul is a city where you have to learn to think in big numbers.

On any first visit here, I did the sensible North American thing, and walked into the nearest bank to change money. The clerk handed me a few hundred million lira but, talking fast and favorably tapping out his

adding machine, he also ripped one off for about 20 per cent. "Of course!" says Kungur. "Nobody there goes to a bank for cash. They can't be trusted." Indeed, people change their cash in hole-in-the-wall shops where money traders speaking French, English, Turkish, Russian or German do a pretty good job of dealing in euros, dollars, pounds, rubles and stacks of Turkish lira. They give printed receipts too, although seemingly Istanbul would always rather close a deal with a handwritten than issue a paper trail for the revenue department.

In Istanbul, people trust the people they do business with, but not the institutions—banks, insurance, government. "Turkey is plagued by the lost Soviet-style government in Europe," says Ihsan Altan, a Jewish restaurateur in the city whose firm undertakes projects in several countries of the former Soviet Union. "A corrupt government, in which the state is always right, and the citizens are at the service of the state." One businessman tells me, "There are plenty of good opportunities to make serious money here. The problem is with the people in Ankara. The problem is misallocation of resources." She means biased public service and corruption, but she will not say it for the record. That too is Istanbul.

**EVEN BEFORE** it forces you to reconsider your basic premises about banks or the role of the military in a democracy,

Istanbul forces you to learn to walk. Cars parked up narrow sidewalks, dog-parkers, uneven pavements, tram tracks, sidewalks carved like irregular staircases along steep narrow streets teeming with dense crowds of shoppers, street vendors, cat-puffers, kitchens on wheels offering kebabs or pastries, thousands of honking yellow taxis—it all makes walking in the city an obstacle run. If you don't learn how to move in sync with the compact ballet of the street you will tangle a cart, step on a cat's tail, bump into an old woman, catch the strap of your bag on the frame of a passing cab, step on dog droppings or fall down a trap door leading to a basement shop.

The street smell of herbs and spices, of fresh fish and grilled meat, of dried flowers, sweet, perfume and sea breeze. You run into stern, observant women wearing the chador—you can offend them by just looking at them—and beautiful women in miniskirts who can be equally offended by being ignored. There are peasants and dignitaries side-by-side. Europeans and Asian Turks and Arabians, Chechens, Kurds, Jews and Armenians, Greeks, Armenians, Albanians, Iraqis or Afghanis—all are officially Turks now, and nothing else. "The various communities are doing fairly well, provided they don't raise a flag," says Nicole Pope, a Swiss-born journalist, Istanbul resident, and co-author of the authoritative book, *Turkey Unveiled: A History Of Modern Turkey*.

Most of all, you run into young people. By some estimates, more than half of

Turkey's 66 million people are under the age of 20. "And you think Europe is ready for them?" asks Halit Relfig, a filmmaker. "There are three million Turks in Germany and they are driving the Germans crazy. If we become part of the EU, millions of young Turks will swarm westward, calling Europe theirs. It will never happen."

Nor should it, according to Relfig or Eril Maral, a nationalist who teaches economics at Istanbul University. Turkey is already losing its traditional industrial and agricultural economy and is being "sold out to multinational corporations by local businessmen," Maral says. "Entering the EU would only accelerate the dismantling of Turkey." Like many nationalists, Maral thinks Turkey should look to countries like Azerbaijan, Turkmenistan, Iran or Iraq—all former parts of the Ottoman empire—for inside influence. "It does not sit well with the Turkish heritage to take orders from a superior power," Relfig says, pointing to the fact that the Germans ruled for centuries over a vast empire that was never conquered before its final collapse.

**NEXT TO THE PERA PALAS**, the street has been barricaded to traffic. Armed guards patrol the walled-in compound of the U.S. consulate. The extra security is a by-product of Sept. 11. And many here discuss the fallout of the terrorist attacks with a knowing smirk. "The Americans are learning the hard way what we have known for years—that radical Islamists are bad news and have to be dealt with expi-

ciently," says Carney Oudemire, a young news anchor with CNN Türk.

For Sept. 11 has had a beneficial side effect on Turkey, a country that lost a good part of its strategic value with the collapse of the Soviet Union. Before, it was a buffer between the free world and the Communist bloc. Now, Turkey is a buffer between rich Islam and the West. "The U.S. must have talked to the International Monetary Fund because Turkey suddenly became a little more equal than the other countries," says Mehmet Ali Birand, an influential columnist and TV personality. Earlier this year the IMF loaned an extra US\$10 billion to help Turkey through fiscal and bureaucratic reforms. That, Ali Birand says, probably spared Turkey the horrors of an Argentine-style monetary collapse.

It is hard to imagine what such a scenario would have wrought on the city. Istanbul, for now, given its size, it is remarkably serene and safe—it has often seen men counting big wads of money in public without fear of being attacked and robbed. There are very few drunks on Istanbul streets, which also seem to be drug free. And there are very few beggars compared to large North American cities.

Indeed, there are people like Mehmet. He is a poor man, but proud. He is not begging. For a few coins, he is offering precisely the opportunity to step on a scale and check their weight. A good enough of Istanbul, that man. Poor but proud. Not begging, working.

An entrepreneur of sorts



## BALANCING THE BOOKS

Harold Fenn carries "the cream of the cream" of foreign titles in Canada

IT WAS TOM THOMSON, oddly enough, who launched the tiny firm of H.B. Fenn and Co. Ltd. on the road to becoming a powerhouse in the Canadian book trade. In 1980, Harold Fenn, a former *Colts* executive, was three years into running his own business, trying to carve a niche between bookstores and publishers unable, or unwilling, to distribute their own titles. Given that his water-cooler and Canadiana products were less than sexy, Fenn was attracted to what the trade delicately calls "alternative" markets, meaning just about anywhere other than its actual bookstore. One of his customers was the gift shop in the McMichael Canadian Art Collection, just north of Toronto. The gift store manager asked Fenn if he would be interested in distributing the gallery's own glossy publications, *The Group of Seven* and *20th Century: The Struggle and the Art*. To Bob McMichael, who asked how many copies Fenn had, recalls Fenn, now 62 and the owner of a \$100-million enterprise: "I gulped and said '10,000'—I'd never bought that many of anything in my life." Fenn got the contract and went on to sell 150,000 copies, a first that opened doors for him with book-sellers and publishers alike.

It's a neat, almost literary, irony that Fenn and Co. was kick-started by a Canadian title, given that its explosive growth since has been fuelled by American blockbusters (*The Bridge of Madison County* and *The Colorist* Properties, to mention only two, together topped the list of the nation's best-seller list for more than 200 weeks in the '90s). In 2002, celebrating its 25th anniversary, Fenn sits on top of the mountain—in terms of sales, the nation's largest Canadian-owned book distributor. "And not by default either," Harold Fenn is quick to add, noting that 2002 figures show he passed his chief rival, Jack Siodman's General Distribution Services Ltd. (\$88 to \$87 million) revenue before

GIOE's April application for bankruptcy protection. This year, with 225 employees and \$3,000 titles, Fenn expects to ship 17 million copies, and to see sales exceed \$185 million—a number he wants to double over the next five years, even while he noses gingerly into the wilderness of Canadian literary fiction.

Fenn is clearly the starkest homegrown organism in what Roy MacSkimming calls the deeply stressed ecology of the national book trade. "Of course most in Canadian publishing's natural state," acknowledges MacSkimming, 58, a former publisher whose work on the subject, *The Perishing Trade*, will be published in February. But like many others, MacSkimming thinks things are really bad now. Large publishers, like the multinationals—Hogart, Collins, Penguin and the Random House group—which handle their own distribution and publish more established Canadian literary stars, are doing fine. But elsewhere in the trade, independent bookstores and small publishers—two crucial elements in launching the careers of new Canadian authors—have suffered from the effects of "globalization," MacSkimming says, ever since the 1997 arrival of Amazon and its competitors. Now they also have to cope with, respectively, Amazon.ca, the Canadian spawn of Jeff Bezos's American on-line behemoth, and the collapse of the *Stoddart* empire.

A quarter of a million Canadians bypassed bookstores and shopped at Amazon.com last year, despite border hassles and currency transactions—a number that can only escalate now that

Amazon.ca has removed those barriers [Canadian retailers and nationalists who hoped for federal intervention against Bezos, took a body blow last week when the Department of Canadian Heritage ruled that Amazon.ca's on-line establishment was not covered by existing laws]. On the other side of the ledger, some 65 smaller Canadian presses are squeezed in the *Stoddart* event month rags, their books locked up for months, their owners hanging on by grace of government grants and second mortgages. As for their authors, says distributor G.D. Haddon, whose Haddon House has 900,000 volumes trapped in *Stoddart*'s warehouse, "the people who have written novels or time-sensitive non-fiction might as well go out and shoot themselves. There's new shiny stuff, backed by serious marketing money, coming down the pipe."

The scrutiny over these issues easily turns personal in a trade so intimate that everyone refers to the major players by their first names. That makes the Fenn founding myth worth a closer look. For all its right place, right time overlay, it's really about the importance of personal relationships—on that line one with the McMichael store manager. "I've thought all along," says Harold Fenn, "that this was a chance to run business, that building relations was at that publisher would come to know I was a guy they could trust."

Fenn started the first *Thomson* house to his credit with both hands. And his wife Sylvia, cross-country Canada, attending trade shows and securing foreign publishers looking for trustworthy local partners. By 1981, he was handling books from Tate, North America's premier science-fiction agent, home to such Canadian stars of the genre as Robert Sawyer and Myrla Gutjahr. That resulting relationship continued even after the prestigious U.S. house St. Martin's Press took over Tate. St. Martin's itself later signed on with Fenn. Other major foreign presses followed, including Warner Books and Macmillan UK, publisher of public defender star Wilbur Smith. Some 50,000 copies of Smith's new novel *Warlock* are currently sitting in a Fenn warehouse, poised to bring the firm its next best-seller after an August release. "Harold has the cream of the cream of a bunch of foreign houses," says Haddon. "We're all junkies, but

**"The one thing that would top my career would be to own a Canadian imprint that has been and will be successful"**

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he's worked his ass off and he deserves it."

Displaying a profound respectability for the merry-go-round Canadian book trade, Fenn has a reputation for never taking on more than it can handle. (The firm has moved at least six times in 15 years from its original day facility in Mississauga to its current warehouses in unfashionable but low-tax Bolton, north of the city.) And Fenn has always, before now, needed encouragement in the high-pressure, high-loss world of Canadian literature. To many, that makes Fenn and Co. the anti-Stockton, even if the literary aristocrats among them don't mean it as a compliment. For all the differences in business practices between the two distributors, nothing sticks out like the glaring discrepancy in their Canadian content.

Stockton, too, used to be a distribution company that had grown prosperous on imported titles, before Jack Stockton brought out his father in 1983 and began his involvement with Canadian writers. Stockton knew cultural nationalism looked down their noses at the family firm in the 1970s, "especially young ones like me," recalls MacKinnon, who was at the time involved with New Press, which had a short but glorious nationalistic life. Many in the literary world simply reject the idea that mere involvement in Canadian fiction inevitably spells a life on the financial margins—if not outright doom—for anyone other than a multinational. Hudson is one "Canadian did work," he insists. "We've been with them since we started in 1995, and for five years everything went fine. Even the Chagnon squeeze that got Jack." But others, with a nod to the profit-and-loss accountants, think the desire to be a Canadian star lies at the heart of Stockton's troubles.

It's a genuine debate, given that Fenn also remembers the early condemnation from publishers' reps, the snide references to "Fenn, the non-book people." And he, too, has heard the siren's song. On April 1, Fenn picked up the distribution rights to Ray Pomeroy Books, a well-regarded Canadian house that barely scraped the Stockton guarantee. "Anna Pomeroy and I have talked probably for 10 years now," he says. "The always had a lot of respect for her, the authors she's had. Her coming over sort of completes a circle for me—I wanted a Canadian literary press. The one

thing that would put my career would be to own a Canadian imprint that has been and will be successful, whether as Ray Pomeroy or another. Our own little publishing program does all right, but it doesn't feel like real publishing, with well-known authors, design people and the rest." Warning to his friends, Fenn adds: "People say you can't run Canadian publishing at a profit. I think I can."

Does that mean a redoubt, anti-fine-dime-the-businesses revolution in Fenn affairs? Hardly. Harold Fenn, as he likes to say about himself, is "from the rural side of things," and even so he has paid increasing attention to Canadian presses, which has caught his eye in "some of their titles." "Words, unlike course, temporarily fall flat. It's hard to say why they were published," Fenn concludes. (Police again. He knows the answer perfectly well: government subsidies.) "I believe there has to be a market first." A laugh. "There's maybe some mere membership in my blood as well as some others."

And perhaps more so, of a focus on the trade's true challenge—getting a grip on its supply chain. Fenn is five years into an effort to slash delivery times and improve order tracking. His ambition to double his sales volume over the next five years is, he says, rarely the bottom-line requirement to afford the technology needed to stay on top. "We live 34.5 to 34 million last year to American wholesaler Ingram, which is so automated that this afternoon it's promising this morning's orders. We can't match that yet, but we're close—today we're shipping yesterday's order. Tomorrow to speed things up so where we get that 34 million."

Getting down on terms—of the 15 million copies Fenn shipped out last year, 8.5 million come Fenn—is equally crucial. The supply chain's vicious circle bedevils the entire industry. Bookstores have the long-established right to send back unsold volumes, which gives them an incentive to over-order to ensure they have enough copies. Enormous amounts of money in a low-margin business go into sending books on an endless cycle ride. If Harold Fenn can fix the means design and make a profit on Canadian books, he won't just be completing his personal circle, he'll be squaring the circle of Canadian publishing. ■

TIME TO BUY CANADIAN  
in this bear market, shopping at home  
makes sense. Except for tech stocks.

**WHEN WILL IT END?** I speak not of the sign of Jean Chretien, but of another long, tired run whose termination would evoke widespread cheering. The cub born in Noiding that grew into a global bear market has been making inventory for 28 months. That makes it the longest since The Big One (1929-32).

The DNA of financial bears is programmed for producing pain, not longevity. Financial bears' DNA, in contrast, is programmed for producing excitement, pleasure and long life.

Bears being equal, they discriminate they are not equally opportunity predators. This bear has fixated primarily on technology-mecheronomy (TMT) stocks, the kind that popular Noiding like invests. His feeding has driven Noiding down more than 70 per cent. He also vamps his diet with occasional courses of decaying and candied non-Noiding flesh, driving two such feed fairs in Britain and Tyne International.

Unlike his 1981-1982 predecessor, this is a deflationary bear who is accompanied by sharply lower interest rates. Investors fleeing from stocks to cash find that their cash control bushes have driven rates down to risk-free levels. (That's rather grossly false as a name when those who fled to money market funds could earn 20 per cent or more. Sorry, no such luck.)

Like other scavenging predators, financial bears are useful. They dispose of excess and excesses created during the previous cycle. Since the tech bull market was the longest and biggest binge of the post-war era, the cleanup will take longer than usual. A reasonable forecast, based on past trends, is that Noiding will reach a first bottom for prices, probably in the 800 range compared to a peak of more than \$300.

That long, hard decline is what happened in gold and oil stocks after they peaked in 1980 and 1982, respectively. They entered bear markets (both in ab-

solute terms and compared to the \$60/\$80 that lasted into the millennium).

Although those who kept the faith in gold and oil didn't get to enjoy it, the greatest of all bull markets put underway just as yellow and black gold were beginning their long tops is the Slough of Interior Dependence.

Something like that may be coming soon to global stock markets: tech stocks will, I believe, decouple from the rest of the market, permitting a new bull to be born. The TMTs will lose their status as the centerpiece of most market commentary, and will gradually be marginalized as attention shifts to shares of companies that for so long suffered with the scornful label "Old Economy Stocks."

Nearly everything old will be overly interesting again, while the "New Economy Stocks" will evolve from being purged to being, and even more grateful to hold, to being merely boring.

**When will the new bull's birthday come?**

No man knows when the hour cometh; the readiness is all. As a mentor who has fled the stock markets, taking the pledge not to buy stocks again, should restore his pledge: "I will not buy tech stocks again." (Yes, some tech stocks will rally strongly, but looking for new investments in bear country is a high-risk hiking. Stick rather to the sunlit uplands populated by bulls and other congenial animals.)

Almost unanimous was the fury of the bear's snarl as he bared the sustained profusion of good economic news. Apart from the crisis affecting Argentina, Brazil and

Turkey, the global economy is putting on a mildly explosive display. The snapback from the 2001 recession has not been shrilling, because that downturn was the mildest of the post war era. (It didn't even qualify as a recession in Canada.) It is a measure of the gargantuan excesses of the technology industry that it could suffer such excruciating pain from an economic gastric episode that turned out to be the mere buildup to a belch.

Investors who move back into the market now will be rewarded. That doesn't mean the market can't fall further: it isn't cheap and there are undoubtedly more accounting scandals to be exposed. But a synchronized global economic recovery at a time of low inflation and low interest rates is a fine economic buildup for equity investing.

As discussed in this space two months ago, the bear market for the American dollar is an important factor in the global investment scene. It explains why large-cap American U.S. stocks in general have been so hard. Global investors are rebalancing their heavy exposure in the greenback, which means they're reducing their heavy exposure to large-cap U.S. stocks. (They don't own many small caps.)

So it makes little sense to put large-cap U.S. stocks at the top of your shopping list. It also means you shouldn't continue to ride on U.S. stocks period. The American dollar will continue to lose ground against the loonie, so you would have to make great U.S. stock picks to offset your currency losses better to buy European, Asian and Australian stocks.

Better yet add to your Canadian equity holdings. Canada now boasts (would you believe?) one of the world's strongest economies and one of the world's strongest currencies. So shopping at home makes good sense. Concentrate on groups that benefit from the recovery—oil, gold, health, basic metals, paper, auto parts and banks.

For same reason, bear markets seem to be at their worst in September and October, so the worst time for you may still be ahead.

But a new bull is on his way. ■

**Concentrate your buying on groups that benefit from the recovery—oil, gold, health, basic metals, paper, auto parts and banks**

Donald Cose is chief writer of *Money Investment Management* in Chicago and of *Investment Trends* (www.investments.com). He also writes a weekly column for *Investment* magazine.

# MORE HARM THAN GOOD?

Expert advice: hormone replacement therapy still has its uses

**IT WAS A FLASHPOINT** in the long, hot debate about how to treat menopause symptoms. Last week, the U.S. National Institutes of Health revealed that a panel of physician scientists had called a halt to a major clinical trial of hormone replacement therapy, because the specific treatment being used was causing "more harm than good." The discontinued study was just one component of the Women's Health Initiative, an ambitious eight-year investigation of the effects of diet, exercise and other lifestyle factors on the well-being of 161,809 menopausal women. It weighed the usefulness of a combination of estrogen and progestin in preventing heart disease. The results far from offering protection, the treatment may even cause a slight increase in heart attacks, strokes and blood clots. The 10,000 women in the HRT trial also showed a slightly higher incidence of breast cancer compared to the control group. But there was the positive side, as well: the women taking part had slightly fewer hip fractures and colorectal cancer.

The news shocked and confused millions of North American women now taking HRT. The drug in question, Prempro, is the most commonly used form of HRT in the United States. In Canada, the product is available in a different form, as two pills, packaged as Premplus, but most women use other hormone formulations (there are about 20) or take estrogen or progestin from patches, gels, creams and injections. Practitioners quickly responded that the U.S. announcement underplayed the benefits of the hormones that at least 25 per cent of menopausal Canadians use to relieve their hot flashes, mood swings, sleeplessness and other often debilitating symptoms.

**What should women do?** Senior Writer Sharon Doyle Davidson talked with four medical experts about the implications of the study. University of British Columbia endocrinologist Dr. Jennifer Blake, gynecologist Dr. Jennifer Blake of Toronto, Dr. Donna Fedoruk of Hamilton and Dr. Hilde Jolly, head of the menopause clinic at the Ottawa Hospital.

**So now what do you say to women who might take HRT?**

**Jolly:** This study tells a patient she's got to know why she's on hormones. She has to look at her own personal risk/benefit ratio with her physician and see what her personal goals are. No woman should stop hormones because of this without seeking direction from her physician. If women stop hormones abruptly we'll have a nation full of women having horrible hot flashes, night sweats, insomnia, irritability and mood swings.

**Fedoruk:** Certainly, people at high risk or with a history of cardiac disease may want to discuss hormone replacement therapy more fully with their physicians. But there's got to be a lot more interpretation of the data before we can make adequate recommendations.

**Prior:** Women should not stop therapy if they're on it for a good reason. If they're on it for an unjustifiable reason, then—and this is a very important point—they

should come off their estrogen therapy extremely slowly. The brain gets used to high estrogen levels and it takes just like an addict's brain reacts when their drug of choice is withdrawn. You need to sort of decondition the brain.

**Who should take HRT?**

**Blake:** It's the most effective thing we have for menopausal symptoms and there's no evidence of harm in the short term for that indication. Some women really need to take it. It's the kind of risk you can choose to take.

**Prior:** There are justifiable, legitimate reasons for therapy with estrogen and progestin. One is, if menopause is too early, which is classically before the age of 40. The second is if a woman is having night sweats that are chronically disturbing her sleep. And thirdly—and this is what the Women's Health Initiative showed—it's a good therapy for a woman who already has low bone density at the time of menopause. Her prevention of heart disease or Alzheimer's—or to keep her young and very—are not good reasons.

**Jolly:** If women are taking hormones for quality of life, they need to try to take them for the shortest period of time. I'm not talking two months, but until now we've considered therapy of up to five years to be short-term, longer than five years long-term. We may have to bring it down to three or four years. I'm also going to suggest that all my patients have annual mammograms instead of every two years.

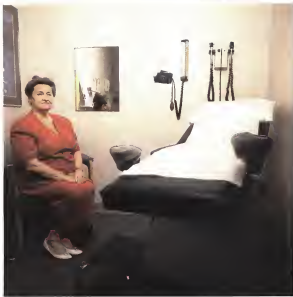
**Would you take HRT yourself?**

**Jolly:** I do.

**Fedoruk:** Absolutely. Would I recommend to anybody that she stop? Not at all.

**How do you advise women's fears?**

**Fedoruk:** The treatment group did not have a higher mortality rate, so whatever's going on it's not a sufficiently adverse outcome to cause somebody to die. I am not



discussive of their fears; certainly this study raises some important points. But unless someone has ongoing or active heart disease, do we have compelling evidence to change things immediately? No, we don't.

**What does this study tell us?**

**Blake:** The message is don't use Premplus to help prevent heart disease. The study was asking a very specific question: Does hormone replacement therapy prevent heart disease? The answer, which is no, confirms what we'd already suspected, and if that's the only reason to be taking

it, stop, says Jolly, to consider whether women should stay on HRT for long periods.

hormone replacement then there isn't any evidence to support doing that.

**Jolly:** They only looked at one specific drug regimen—what they call Prempro in the United States and Premplus in Canada. It's one pill there and it's two pills in Canada but it is the same medication, made by the same pharmaceutical company. Am the risks the same with the many different formulations? Does this apply to lower doses of other brands?

and the same formulations? To all the estrogen, progestins and their various combinations?

**Why did the panel pull the plug?**

**Blake:** They stopped it because they had enough data to answer their question: Is it going to prevent heart disease in healthy women? The answer was no and, in fact, they were seeing some evidence of early harm. They were not saying, Stop hormone replacement therapy. The parts of the study that are looking at other estrogen are carrying on.

## MIXED RESULTS

Estrogen plus progestin in women also without CHD or a previous stroke

CHD or a previous stroke





# SIZE MATTERS

Giant turtles and perogies and other roadside kitsch

MY FATHER WAS A CONNOISSEUR of roadside kitsch, and whenever I visited him in Manitoba he inevitably ended up driving for hours to view potential landmarks to see a Large Object beside the Highway. "It's folk art," he liked to say. "On a Canadian scale."

One of a weekly 11-member, vivid by the sight of a woman who haunts beside the highway west of Winnipeg. It was dusk by the time we arrived, and the street was lit up like a specific in the night, the way it was. The White House has been a place legend of a giant house, a tale of love and loss. "Many houses, many, and myth becomes a roadside attraction," my dad would say. "Now, wasn't that weird the day?"

On a later visit we drove westward, to the town of Roseville to see its Giant Turtle, and on another trip we went north to the village of Glenora to see its Giant Cassel. And several times we drove into the great valley of Minnesota to admire the railway track that was peaked in the middle of town.

There was often a playful logic to these attractions: The Roseville Turtle even incorporated the town's "turk derby," and the Glenora Cassel (named "Cass" as in Salem, not HP) was an influence on nearby steel giant "Glenora on horseback, and queen, peh!" My dad had knowledge and wit for his wit. He was a history, grotesque descending from on high. But giant objects by the side of the road? That's derisive.

Meanwhile erected by the common folk, for the common folk, they are a once known by ironic and possibly sincere.

My father also had a weakness for bad puns (the town of Morden, he said, was "named in honour of a man Italian named Morden") and just a few years before he died, we made the trek to Glenora to see its newly unveiled mas-

ter, a 15-foot fiberglass character named Happy Rock. "Get it?" said my dad. (Of course I didn't. Dad agreed. "Gladstone, Happy Rock. Get it? Well, if only we could have made it to Glen." he said. "Big Scandinavian company up there. They have a giant Viking Yaw, grandmothers was Norwegian, you should make the effort.")

As with Gladstone's Happy Rock, Canada's roadside attractions are often elaborate visual puns, and some of them are downright clever. In Glen Garry, Man., the town's name has been transformed into the World's Largest Pine Hydrant—and there are plans afoot to paint a giant dog beside it. Seriously. The puns abound. In Alberta, the town of Pincher Creek has a giant pair of pincers. Cassel has a giant boxer (making it a bilingual rural roadside pun), and Black Diamond has, naturally, a giant black diamond (though the puns were pecking and the aluminum line a couple of decades in what were by).

In Saskatchewan, Tarnished has the World's Largest Turtic. Moose Jaw has a giant cement mouse, and Indian Head has a sculpture of, well, you are probably guess. Dildo, in Newfoundland, has a giant—uh—dildo.

Last year on Vancouver Island, I jumped off a Nantuxen-bound train in Duncan simply because the conductor happened to mention, just in passing, that Duncan was home to the World's Largest Hockey Stick. How can you not go to see something like that? Even better, it came with-

are you ready for it—the World's Largest Hockey Puck. They were in it right in the sort of glowing outline usually reserved for prominent buildings and downtown shopping centres.

The Hockey Stick of Duncan is like a ceremonial sword above the town's ice arena, but throughout the downtown area a veritable forest of hockey sticks has been erected. The giant hockey stick points in comparison to the memory of Duncan's hockey players, and yet the two are not identical. You might think: Hockey sticks, after all, are as Canadian as loon as any hockey gear. And making a giant stick to appear the gods of hockey is in itself a kitschier act.

Surely it is no coincidence that the vast majority of Large Roadside Attractions are found in Ontario. In Ontario, Canada's Huckle and the Wagon Game are but two examples. Sometimes dials, logging trucks, spawning salmon, night-blooming and away a giant mouse, the highways of Canada are strewn with roadside kitsch.

And let's say in the big city districts this sort of thing is a rural phenomenon. I would remind you of Toronto's giant Moose Paster (the makers kept getting stolen), evidence that, even in the Centre of the Known Universe, we're still just a bunch of idiots.

Large objects have a definite, tongue-in-cheek culture, and there is a surprising amount of local pride invested in them. I hope I haven't blown that cover on anything, but assistant editor Denise Wolf of *Play* magazine actually grew up in Vermilion, Alta., an area rich in Big Stuff. "It was great," she says. "There's the Giant Ukrainian Slavic Girl in Verpo, the Giant Perogy on a stick in Glendie, and even in St. Paul, the UFO landing pad."

A UFO landing pad? Why not? From outer space, Canada must look like one big suburban lawn, cluttered with park

Barrington and other such ornaments. High ideals of democratic folk art and scientific effigies aside, Canada's roadside attractions are the national equivalent of garden gnomes. Big garden gnomes (Moms to any communities that may still be without a large object of their own, how about the World's Biggest Garden Gnome?)

I have, alas, inherited my father's strange fascination with roadside kitsch as my unsuspecting wife Terrell soon found out. When Terrell and I moved from Japan to New Brunswick, one of the first things we did was drive up to Nackawic to see the World's Largest Axe.

This was followed with a trip east, to Shediac, the self-anointed "Lobster Capital of the World." The love of big objects crosses language barriers, and the Acadia of Shediac have built their selfies the World's Largest Lobster. It is a very realistic-looking creature, weighing in at 55 tons with an unsuspecting fishermen caught in its embrace, and my wife was duly impressed. "Canadians are interesting," she said.

On a journey through northern New Brunswick, I made a detour to the village of Mount Rock solely to see its Giant Piddiehead, a chainsaw sculpture depicting

ing edible fern. "What?" Terrell quipped. "No idea?" "Don't worry," I said. "I'm sure that someone, somewhere, is working on it." (Moms in Maternity, the title of World's Largest Dicks is still up for grabs.)

After a year in New Brunswick, Terrell and I moved to Prince Edward Island and we made a special point of driving out to the village of O'Leary to visit the Potato Museum. "So," I asked to the woman at the entrance. "When you started up the big giant potato?" She was startled by my comment and, once she had regained her composure, she lowered her voice and said, "Who told you? It's supposed to be a secret."

Sure enough, and not long after it was announced that O'Leary would get a Giant Spud. And there it stands today, rising up proudly, 14 feet high and looking just like—well, like a 14-foot high potato. (Not to confuse the potato depicted in a Rascal Rascal. In P.E.I. they take their potatoes seriously.)

Having children didn't slow down my crazy Canada Large Object Pilgrimage. On the highway from Edmonton to Regina, I endured myself to my three-year-old son by stopping at every single roadside attraction we passed, from the crumbling ancient Tetonahuk and Teton in Can-

ada to the World's Largest Coffee Pot in Davidson (where the pot in question was decorated with beautiful folk art motifs).

Saskatchewan's many roadside oddities helped break up what was a very long trip. My son relished every stop, especially Kenosha, which boasted the giant Snowman, an 18-foot-high fiberglass and steel ship in a top hat and earmuffs plopped down in front of the village's grain elevator. Was a snowman? To my mother Kenosha's claim to being the Heartland Capital of Saskatchewan.

Blazney, and you. Is this really something you want your town to be known for? I was caught in a full-scale Saskatchewan Museum just outside of Nottburg once and let me tell you, as I drove through blinding winds at a diesel truck, the last thing I wanted to do was drive in a snow-covered building museum.

Given that these objects are meant to be ironic drives, you have to wonder about some of the choices. Kenosha, Man., promotes itself as a travel destination with a giant, end-looking mosquito that has a 15-foot wingspan and turns on the wind like a weather vane. (Kenosha being the Ukrainian word for mosquito, this too qualifies as a bilingual roadside pun.) In the community of



Inwood, also in Manitoba, a creepy repetition scarse celebrates the fact that the town is simply crawling with snakes.

"Gee, honey, I don't know for our vacation this year, do you want blizzards or snakes or mosquitoes? I can't decide. It all sounds so good."

In 1984, when I was 19 years old, I worked as a youth volunteer at a running horse in St. Thomas, Ont. At that time, there was talk in St. Thomas about building a giant statue of an elephant. Not just any elephant, but Jumbo himself. Now, Jumbo the Elephant was not born in St. Thomas, and Jumbo the Elephant did not live in St. Thomas. Nor did Jumbo ever perform in St. Thomas. But Jumbo was killed in St. Thomas, and for that, the townsfolk are eternally grateful.

In 1885, Jumbo the Elephant, star of the P.T. Barnum Circus, was being led across rail tracks in the dead of night when he was hit by a train and killed. Here is an actual passage from a St. Thomas souvenir booklet marking this joyous event: "The hide of Jumbo alone weighed over 1,600 pounds and when removed from the beast, was transported to Griffin's Park Ranch, where it was pickled. Jumbo's heart weighed 46 pounds."

Oddly enough, when I was living in St. Thomas, not everyone was in favour of commemorating the violent death of a beloved circus animal as a point of civic pride. The community had once been a thriving rail hub, so why not honour the railway instead? As the rail vs. elephants' debate raged, I sent a letter to the paper suggesting that the two sides compromise and build a giant replica of a train hitting Jumbo—but noooo. The statue went ahead as planned and was unveiled the following year amid a festive Jumbo Days celebration. St. Thomas, Ont. Not only did we kill Jumbo, but we almost *kill* and pickled his hide and cut out his heart!

By then, I had moved on. As luck would have it, I ended up in New Liskeard, Ont., working at the agricultural research college (where my contribution to the scientific field of animal husbandry consisted mainly of shovelling sheep dung, cow pats, pig poop and horse fags. Oh, shovels of youth.)

New Liskeard is in Ontario's day belt and to commemorate this, the township had recently commissioned a Giant Belt



### BATTLE OF THE BIG OBJECTS

With hundreds of giant objects vying for attention along the coastsides of Canada, and with the awe-inspiring privilege that accompanies the title of "biggest," it is inevitable that conflicts will arise. In the interests of journalistic integrity, I have decided to settle five of these competing claims once and for all.

#### World's Largest Snowman

Kinross, Sask., vs. Grandin, Ont. The Kinross snowman is 10 feet tall. The Grandin snowman is 35 feet high. Winner: Grandin.

#### World's Largest Bee

Fahler, Alta., vs. Tisdale, Sask. The Fahler bee

is 22 feet, eight inches long. The Tisdale bee

is 15 feet long. Winner: Fahler.

#### World's Largest Muskoka Chair

Grovehurst, Ont., vs. Wrenny, Ont. These wooden cottage chairs are the product of competing craftsmen as well as the Greenhurst Home Hardware vs. Penick Woodcraft outside of Wrenny. The Greenhurst chair is 12 feet, six inches high. The Wrenny chair is 22 feet high. Winner: Wrenny.

#### World's Largest Hilde

Harvey, N.B., vs. Cowardin, P.E.I. The Harvey Hilde is 34 feet high. The Cowardin Hilde is 24 feet high. Winner: Cowardin—but the Harvey Hilde is prettier, and Harvey was Bob Meeker's hometown.

Made Entirely Out of Clay? Not really. They missed the obvious tin and instead built a huge Holston cow, 12 feet high, to honour the area's dairy farmers.

Other giant cows rove the Canadian landscape (here's one in La Broquerie, Man., and one in Sussex, N.B.), but what made the New Liskeard cow truly remarkable, was (a) its name and (b) its location. The town's Giant Cow Committee, already stumped to modern feminist sensitivities, had named the giant bovine statue "Ms. Claybelt." That's right, Ms. Even better, they built the cow at the edge of town, right across from a McDonald's restaurant. Is this sick, or what? Sure of life, holding a giant pot of water next to the Shook Johnson.

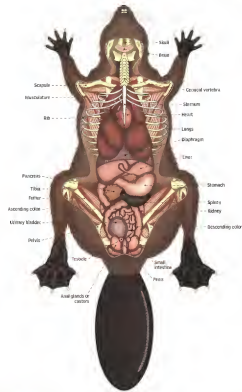
During my sabbatical in New Liskeard, I helped deliver a calf that got stuck halfway and had to be yanked out with a chain. I ended up with both my hands inside, covered in slime, trying to—*Y!* spare you the details. It was embarrassing and messy, and it cured me forever of any illusions I had about the miracle of childbirth. (When

my own sons were born, I was just grateful no one asked me to roll up my sleeves and take off my antenatal 90th with the calf safely out, and me having scrubbed the afterbirth from my hands—scrubbed until my knuckles were raw—my supreme sin, partly to make amends, decided to take me out for lunch. At McDonald's. And as I sat there, chewing my Quarter Pounder thoughtfully, I knew that I would never look at Ms. Claybelt the same way again.)

Just as the road from New Liskeard was a massive metal beam standing guard outside the Eastern Zoo, and in the interests of science, I would often propose that the New Liskeard Cow be moved with the Eastern Zoo. Alas, no. Giant Hilde.

Someone should build a statue of this. **W**

Will Ferguson is the co-author of *New in Area Canada*, which was shortlisted for the Stephen Leacock Medal for Humour and which won the 2002 Litera Award for Best Non-Fiction Book.



# THE WIZARD

**IT'S CLOSE TO DAWN** when Garth Hudson shows me the gun. "I made it from a bit," he says, fondling a device with a smooth wooden handle. Hudson is sitting at a piano in his home studio, an old cabin in New York's Catskill Mountains. He's already demonstrated an array of unique instruments, from a pearl accordion to a wooden soporific, when he produces the gun. "The barrel is what took the time," he explains, as he holds it up to his eye to inspect the bore made rifling—to the alarm of his wife, Maud, who watches from her wheelchair in the corner.

"Did you make bullets for it too?" I ask, by way of a joke.

"Yeah," Garth shrugs. "I actually work." He rummages around in a drawer until he finds a paper bag of lead balls that look like fishing sinkers, and goes on to explain how he made the bullets by pouring lead into a mold. Then he puts down the gun and goes back to the piano, offering to show some tricks he's learned to do with his left hand.

Garth Hudson, who turns 65 in August, is the keyboard genius who served as the quiet elder of The Band. He was one of four Canadians who—with Levon Helm, the son of an Arbutus canyon farmer—returned rock 'n' roll to its American roots after the British Invasion. These four boys from the Badlands of southern Ontario cooked up their own brand of mountain music—a neon-lit blend of folk, blues, country, gospel and rock. They found Cuz Co via the Coorks. And Hudson was their wizard, a classically trained musician from London, Ont., who, in Helm's words, "made it sound like we did."

The Band was the group that shepherded the Stones across the Great Divide. When Bob Dylan went electric, and was booed on stages around the world, it was The Band who held him up, bearing the storm. When Woodstock became an epitome of the counterculture, it was partly because Dylan and The Band had made their home in that area of

the Catskills—they were originally set to headline the festival. And when Martin Scorsese filmed The Band's own song, *The Last Waltz*, in 1976, it marked not just the end of a group, but of an era.

Now, of those four Canadians, only two remain. Richard Manuel hanged himself in a Florida motel room in 1988; Rick Danko died in his sleep in 1999. And, while Helm remains in Woodstock, the two Canadian survivors have ended up on opposite sides of the question, what ever happened to the Stones? Lead guitarist Robbie Robertson, 59, the one who decided to take The Band off the road with *The Last Waltz*, rushed in on the legacy, and now works in Hollywood as a music executive for DreamWorks Records. Hudson—whom Helm called "the soul and guiding genius of our band"—has weathered three personal tragedies and still lives in Woodstock, where he usually haunts his own gear to gigs with local musicians.

But his career is enjoying a revival of sorts. Hudson has produced a solo album titled *The New Yorks*, a jazz-guitarist bebop, piano review, lounge saxophone, Bengali tabla, accordion whiney, and layers of eccentric soundscapes. With the digital remastering of *The Last Waltz* on CD and DVD, Hudson's playing now gleams through the unadorned audio like a buried treasure. And this month he's

**A quarter century after *The Last Waltz*, Garth Hudson, The Band's reclusive keyboard genius, is still rolling back the frontiers of music**

The beard is whiter than it was in the Band's 1968 heyday, but Hudson still plays like an alchemist.



enjoying an Ontario homecoming. With a Woodstock rhythm-and-blues outfit called the Casanovas, Hudson's playing concerts in London, Windsor and Toronto. Singing with him for the first time in four decades is Paul London, who fronted the Copes, one of Canada's first rock bands. (London, 63, an automotive sculptor who designs Hudson's California, has bought a shiny silver car for the occasion.)

Hudson, who's notoriously shy and reclusive, has even been persuaded to do the odd interview. Serving as the hermit's publicist is Maud, his wife of 23 years and a singer who performs and records with him. Via e-mail, Maud asks me to meet Garth at Jayous Lake, a roadhouse bar in Woodstock where he'll join a makeshift band of local musicians called Room 2444. If I show up for the afternoon soundcheck, I can help him unload his equipment. After the gig, she suggests, I can interview Garth "until you before sunrise." Maud and Garth are occasional-country folks who go to bed after the crack of dawn and sleep until mid-afternoon. Warning them is like entering another time zone, in more ways than one.

I drive to Woodstock. It seems appropriate, if only to reminisce: those Catskills curves where Dylan had his motorcycle accident, and where several members of The Band (though not Hudson) survived a variety of drunken car crashes. Woodstock looks like a town in a time warp. The main street is lined with shops selling wilderness and neo-folk. Fishermen, a tourist strip of hippie goatees. As the Hudsons arrive at the roadhouse for the soundcheck, Garth helps his wife out of the truck and into her wheelchair. Maud, 51, a large woman in red velvet pants and a pink shawl, has spinal damage from a series of accidents, including a car wreck that sent her flying over a 200-foot cliff.

In The Band, Hudson resembled a hobbit prophet, a dark bearded Beethoven behind a massive pulp of keyboards. Now the beard is white, the posture stooped. As I help him unload a trove of equipment, he points out that the keyboard and its case are so heavy he has to load them separately, "to avoid the chiropractic bills." As we cut dinner, Garth's trunk grows cold while he fiddles with some of his 40 cables. This man who recorded *The Basement Tapes* with



Dylan and The Band, is still tuning in the engine room of rock 'n' roll.

But his virtuosity remains unimpaired. That night, as floodlights, a three-guitar band, thrives through rock standards. Hudson doesn't play the solos as much as discover them, coaxing phrases from obscure corners of the melody. Moving between the keyboard and the synthesizer sections, he's like an alchemist, lazily and savoring. He pulls one whorl of sound like taffy, and blends the most unlikely squalls into a sweet, liquid mess. Double-bells glissandos. As his fingers flow over the keys, at the end of a conclusive flourish he'll drag his left hand across his beard, as if wiping the blackboard clean.

Meanwhile, his behind buzz in her wheelchair. At her own keyboard, a slap-top propped on a music stand. "So the lyrics don't blow away," she explains. She sings several numbers, including *I Shall Not Be Moved*, a ballad that conjures up Rick Danko's memory with the mournful howl. "The sun don't shine anymore."

It's past 3 a.m. by the time we leave the bar. At the all-night diner, 35 kow down the road, Garth orders a galloped cheese and ham on egg bread with a cheddar sauce. "Might as well go out in style," he mutters. We drive through another long stretch of night to the house Hudson built in 1977 atop a small mountain. As I follow his snail up the curves, a deer glances through the headlights into the woods. We pull up to an old cottage below the house, a faded white clapboard cabin with a stone chimney wreathed in ivy. Inside is



an Aladdin's cave of musical instruments. Increasingly Hudson is truly. He speaks like he plays, in subtle rambles, but at a much slower pace. He comes across as a man with no ego. Unlike the rest of The Band, he was never into heavy drinking, heavy drugs or crashing cars. "I took a pass on all that," he says. "I had things to do. I've always earned a good live. You have to be able to soldier under fire. You've done to your last guitar cord. Some things over it, shorts a. Solider under fire is part of the music. It could be the book. It could be a computer interface between the two."

Hudson talks like a professor of fine arts. When he joined the Hawks, The Band's first incarnation, in 1961, Ronnie Hawkins paid him as extra \$30 a week to teach the others to read and write music, mostly to please Garth's parents, who feared their son was squandering his education. The boys never learned. But Hudson lost The Band an orchestral path. He was famous for a Bach-inspired polka. He was famous to Clint Eastwood he never played the piano any more. And the Jew's help on *Chinatown*. Credit is actually his cleverest being man through a waltz with pedal. But looking back on The Band, Hudson says, "I saw a job. I was a musician, a player, a composer. My job was to provide emergencies with pads underneath, pads and fills behind good poets. Some poets every night."

However, unlike his friend Helen, Hudson expresses no bitterness towards Robertson. In his 1993 memoir, *The Wreck of the Old*, Helen suggests Hudson was cheated out of royalties. "That could



The keyboardist is particularly proud of the new tricks he can perform with his left hand.

have if it were true," says Garth. "I don't know how deeply a man could hurt if it were true. That I didn't contribute in the same way everybody else. I'd be around when songs were written, and I'd try to think of something else to put in. Maybe I was just envious of the writers who were filling up yellow legal pads." Hudson, Danko and Manuel sold their publishing rights to Robertson. "The deal was made. It was a good job. And I got out of it alive."

For a while he made the rounds in Los Angeles. "You go out there on your '74 New Volvo with a short-sleeved shirt and do sessions and occasional film work," he says. But now he's more interested in his own studio experiments, and developing his left hand. "When I was with The Band I had no idea I'd get this good," he says, and turns to the piano to demonstrate his new agility with his new piano and stride. His fingers buzz across the keys as he plays patterns forward, backward, inside out. It's a hypnotic laying on of hands, a private tour through the scattered remains of a beautiful mind. By the time he stops, the birds are singing. He says out into the light. The sun is now high above the horizon, but behind the front-fire haze from Garth's, it's still an eerie orange. In this odd, quiet morning, we say good night. Garth takes Manuel back up the hill. And I drive down the road with Rick Danko's voice in my head, that bitter-sweet lament for a man that don't drive any more.



## POLITICS IN PARADISE

The best and brainiest gather in Jamaica to, you know, change the world

**SO HERE WE ARE** on lovely Montego Bay, thanks to Henry Kissinger, the unadorned war criminal, according to those on the other side. Exactly 20 years ago, a dean at Georgetown University in Washington had a hunch of an idea-to take over the Kissinger, Harvard-based summer international leadership seminar where it had left off and turn it into a week on the Georgetown campus, in the most important town on the globe, where the red nuclear button, if necessary, would be pushed.

The Georgetown Leadership Seminar, since a year, collects public and private sector leaders from around the world. The seminar's 600-odd alumni today think, ahem, that they form a powerful global network—individually, they help run their countries around the sunny world. Periodically, we are refreshed with reamings. This being the appropriate 20th, we gather on the shores of Jamaica. There are some 60 newsmen who have made the trip and 10 staff members.

Oswaldo Sandoval served as vice-president of the Federal Congress in the late 1990s. On his second, a very able woman who taught a lot, now in a special assistant on budget matters to the president of Nigeria. James Han-Ching Chen is from an imposing firm in Taiwan. Mark Medved, 40-odd, a former in the Washington law firm (love the name!) of Allen Camp Strauss. He's a 1986 LEP, a probably the most impressive speaker around the usual seminar speakers, and the American hostess present think he's a duck-duck duck at a future secretary of state or secretary of the treasury. He's so smart, it's frightening, as he fiddles with his three little ones around the pool.

And so it goes. It's quite clear that if the terrorists ever were bright enough to drop a bomb on this Rio-Carlson they would wipe out the brains of most of the educated Western civilization. What do we learn? Robert Gellman, dean of the Georgetown

School of Foreign Service and former special presidential envoy for nuclear non-proliferation from 1994 to 2000, tells us that in what a new Russia there are 15,000 scientists and engineers who have spent their entire lives building a nuclear arsenal and there are now 300 tons of fissile nuclear materials in that country—available for terrorists and rogue states who would like suitcase bombs that could be more effective than WMD.

And why are we here? The Georgetown people, for some arcane reason—mostly because of a historical reason that Canada is not important on the global scene—invite just one Canadian guest, but not all year. Tom Korman, Patrick Boyer. Yes, a scribbler is from the class of '83. Remembered, as I recall it, by some Quebec separatist whose name I can't even recall. Over the 20 years, the members of all the brains have ranged from Taiwan to San Francisco to London to Israel.

The grade of the Georgetown seminar are non-political, the only entry-level requirement being some common sense and, hopefully, a sense of humor. In our 1985 sessions on the Washington campus, Kissinger was one of the invited guest speakers, along with Ronald Reagan's cabinet ministers and the high mandarins of the White House press group.

Jan Damsen, CEO of an international consulting firm based in London, Geneva, Milan and Washington, Conn., tells us that the Soviet Union reduced to Russia has resulted in some \$400 billion being hoarded. "Never has so much been stolen in

such a short time with benefits to so few." We are told by Peter Koghe, the very smart foreign service officer of the Georgetown foreign service school, that the United States doesn't know how to do foreign policy, because it "geographically illiterate." Koghe added: "I know this, because for 13 years I hosted a PBS-TV show on foreign affairs that no one watched. I tried not to take it personally."

Forced to contribute in this class of 90, as the only journalist inside the tent, your scribbler contributed the usual old line that I came from the only nation in the globe where the prime minister was the only card-carrying citizen who couldn't speak either of the two official languages. They loved that, of course, knowing it to be true. What they wanted to know, however—being world-connected figures many of whom had met Paul Martin in international meetings—how a finance minister could find out he had been sacked through his car radio. This is a mystery, I assured them, something like the mystery.

Along Korman of South Africa, who carved her M.Sc. from the University of London, sat—as through a slide show—of how one-half of the world's population lives on less than \$2 a day, while the U.S. equivalent is \$90 a day—and we wonder why WMD come along. Tony Lake, a senior foreign policy adviser to the Clinton/Gore campaign, confided just how shallow Dubya Bush is. At the end of the record, of course, Indonesia, with one of the largest Muslim populations, was represented by Tanya Awan—owner of the William Jaggie in the globe—who earned her B.A. from the San Francisco Art Institute and took 24 hours to fly here, from Jakarta, just to meet with us gods.

There was the guy from Russia who promised digs in his place, because—contrary to the popular myth—Moscow, in fact, is not the only place in the world where you can ski and 30 minutes later even in your hotel in the sea. Born, he swears, is the only place where you can do the same. I tried to take him up on the offer. Live or die, of course, all of us, exchange e-mail addresses, share we are going to change the world.

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## BACK TO THE FUTURE

After three decades, a writer discovers what happened to a once idyllic commune on a B.C. island

More than 30 years ago, *Maclean's* senior writer Alan Edmonds visited a commune on an isolated B.C. island for a story that resulted bare for years afterwards. Edmonds, now a documentary producer and author based in Port Hope, Ont., was haunted by the fact that his widely splash-lined article caused the demise of an idyllic existence. Recently, he went back.

**IN 1967** at the height of the Baby Boomers' rebellion by Reputation, an extraordinary and Establishment-com-mune came into being on Langqet, a sparsely settled island off the much larger Vancouver Island. The Langqet group and its back-to-basics lifestyle grew up around Americans Ted Sideris and George O'Brien, who, dismayed by the death of Kennedy's Camelot, sold their Montreal, Que., small businesses and took wives and kids to live on 80 acres of wilderness in the forest. Friends visited and stayed, and by 1970 there were around 100 youngsters members, largely couples between 25 and 35 with their children

Most lived in tents, but they built a home called Stone House.

Members of B.C. visited this counter-culture group. Which is where *Maclean's* came in, with photo editor Don Newlands and me. Ted Sideris was held up as a cool's behind a 10-foot wall, running a sex-toddlers cult that worshipped the rising sun. Newlands and I set out to investigate. It all turned out to be not what we expected. It was a real commune. It was a real commune. It was a real commune.

Stone House was a massive two-story building, remarkable in that it was built by the commune, not by a contractor. It was a real commune. It was a real commune. It was a real commune.

Stone House was home to physicians, mathematicians, a doctor-cum-a dress designer

While denying gonorrhea, he did do most of the talking. "Philosophy? Don't have one," he told us. "We're just living our own way, not the way anyone else does."

Newlands and I found the first flushed bathroom in Stone House. We swirled it 8 a.m. when Sideris started next door a dance or so back under 10 tough by a mother with a 7th D in education. After four days, we decided the residents weren't just like, mythical friends or one-trick ponies. Somehow, they had shut out the rest of the world and appeared content. "People, they do come to live here," I wrote in August, 1970. *Maclean's* "We're not running away" and Stanford grad Ed McClure from Belleville, Ont. "We're building something new." Added Sideris: "It's like gonorrhea. Try to touch it, to define it, and it vanishes."

Well, inside three years it did—no less from Langqet.

I didn't mind the island in the article, but many people figured it out and fled the place. Not long ago, I returned to Langqet to find out if we'd helped kill a lifestyle which could have been an example to us all, a concern that had been growing at me for three decades. As the

ferry dock, I again met Karl Duran, the first person to join Sideris and O'Brien, and now a yacht skipper for Star. Duran recalled that he had become a commune member "because I'd done so much dope I needed a place to sort my head out." From him, I learned that within months of the *Maclean's* story the "family" had almost doubled in size.

Overcrowded, condemned to crime and with hostile island neighbors ("I never visited, but I know they were evil because everyone said so," Ruby Nichols recalled, while giving me a 30 to the commune site) former islander Jim Iversen, whose wife accidentally caused the fire that destroyed the mansion by overloading a wood stove, had earlier told me: "It did hurt. Most houses, they burn, the windows crack out with the heat. At Stone House, they melted and now down the windows like it was crying."

Sideris sold Stone House in 1974 to a mainland businessman for \$75,000 and led the family to uninhabited Calver Island, an even more inhospitable bank of rain forest further north. The family wanted to raise pigs on Calver, but—being Crown land—the B.C. government refused their permission to settle and they left for the mainland. But not before Duran sawed the seeds of the group's eventual death. He arranged from a trip to Vancouver and believed so strongly that the family needed the RCMP for emergency transport to a mainland hospital in a stretchy car. Duran told the *Maclean's* that on Langqet, O'Brien and Sideris had killed more than 100 cows to feed visitors drawn there by the *Maclean's* piece. The two founders were charged with cattle rustling, but eventually acquitted of lack of evidence.

It was all over for the commune but for one last fling. In the spring of 1971, Sideris used the remainder of the Stone House proceeds to buy 160 acres at Ringstone Lake on the B.C. mainland. A score of the family members moved there and began logging. Dave Kaye, who I later found still logging in Richman, Ont., recalled that there was 200 inches of rain a year and nothing much grew that you could eat. Soon the family divided into a precious few and Sideris left for greener pastures. "I didn't hear from him again," said Iyer. "I heard he was in the South Pacific somewhere."



Sideris (right) now says his commune deteriorated because it welcomed everyone. "We even had communists who wanted us to go to Cuba and eat sugar cane."

Indeed he was. Late last year, I found that he'd returned and was living near Seattle. When I visited him soon after, I asked the question that had haunted me all these years: Did any *Maclean's* piece kill the dream?

Finally, I got my answer—my absolutes. "No," said Sideris. "No helped, but mostly we did it ourselves."

He's 60 now, but still bubbling with energy and the charisma that of those passionate communists often induces. "You for wanted all those letters, and we answered too many of them and said people it was OK to come. We got people from Latvia, Taiwan, China, France—we even had three communists who wanted us to go to Cuba and carry a case. We didn't turn anyone away, which was a mistake. We had no food there, which is why we killed the animals running wild."

Where had he been? "I left Ringstone with the family and headed for New Zealand, but there was a lawyer in Fiji and I fell in love with the place. It seemed ideal, so I bought some land. Then it turned out the others couldn't join so because Fiji wouldn't grant residence visas unless you

had capital or a guaranteed job. Some came to visit, but we stayed. I got a facility operation going and we did all right. We even became a focus, a sort of one-stop centre-run hospital, for native Fijians. We came back to be with the kids when they got graduate degrees."

Among those who didn't join the Fiji pilgrimage was the family's general practitioner, Dr. Ken Schreiner, who parted company after Duran's move from Calver. "Ted's story was always the same," says Schreiner, now a Vancouver psychiatrist. "The world was wrong but we were right. He was one of those genius-level people who didn't fit into any of the handy categories."

When he was in hospital, doctors diagnosed Duran as a victim of "The O'Brien" syndrome, an adjustment reaction to adult life. Maybe it was contagious. As Jane Anderson, another commune flower child who became a Vancouver lawyer, later told me: "The world changed and so did we, and it got so that obsessive dreams didn't seem so matter."

Maybe the mean that growing up meant buying back us to the lifestyle the boomers first rejected. In the end, the Langqet generation that might have changed the world because history's most rebel communists—and scried material for designer jeans and an SUV. **P**





### People | The dark side

Harrison Ford is no barrel of laughs. In fact, in the case of a media bite for his latest movie, *A-13: The Widowmaker*, he's downright grumpy. Consider his clothes: the rugged 64-year-old movie star ambles onto four screens faced room, dressed entirely in black—coats, golf shirts, socks, shoes. The only poplite in this man is the silver hoop in his ear like rakish officer on hand in grunting, and while talking guests out the window. When asked what was challenging in his role (Ford plays a Soviet captain in a Cold War-era movie submarine during the Cold War), he has this to say: "Can't think

of anything. Acting isn't brain surgery."

Ford has dozens of interviews scheduled during the one day he's in Toronto 50, how about a change of pace: other than the film business, what's on his mind these days? "Nothing," he replies. "Movies. That's what I do for a living." OK. Different work. In the film, Ford's character makes some questionable decisions that risk the lives of his men. "Who's a difficult not to judge his character?" "No, it's difficult." "What does he lose himself as?" "Flying," Ford answers. "Also, did he fly to Toronto?" "No. The word 'Wall, Mr. Ford, you're not the only one.'"

### Speaking out | Shaun Benson

In *A-13: The Widowmaker*, Toronto-based actor Shaun Benson plays a Soviet officer. Benson, 27, spoke with *Maclean's* reporter Julie Jellie about working alongside Hollywood legends Harrison Ford and Liam Neeson.

Sometimes it can seem you're not set on a scene and it'd be thinking, "This is really bad acting" but then you'll watch it on screen and it would be amazing. It's a technicality, he knows if he hits his head a certain way the camera is going to pick up the emotion and selfishly he is trying to perform it



learned so much from just watching him but my scenes both he and Liam would offer advice to the young just loudly it was to speed up the day because they didn't want to wait for a 26-year-old to feel his emotional state. These guys are legends, no doubt, but making was nothing about their trailer or other stuff. They really over argued about how to make the movie better.

### Review | Hollywood games

DISNEY'S *LUCK & STITCH* (PlayStation 2);  
CLO & STITCH: *TROUBLE IN PARADISE* (PS2);  
CLO & STITCH: *HAWAIIAN ADVENTURE*  
(PS2 and Xbox); *Johnny*

*STITCH: EXPERIMENT* (Xbox) PlayStation 2  
What's a Disney animated blockbuster without its requisite merchandising? In the *Clo & Stitch* franchise as in *Disney*, the greatest follow-up films protagonists—discovery girl Lilo and her alien-galactic pal Stitch—through a series of adventures on screen from the feature film *Hawaiian Adventure* is a suite series of puzzles and activities—learning to sail, for example—for ages four and up. In *Stitch: Experiment* 120 others makeovers: Stitch through Hawaiian culture collecting 260 samples for use in an alien genetic experiment. Activities challenge enough that players' younger than seven may become frustrated but those older than 12 might be bored.

BURR THE HAMPER SLAYER  
(Xbox, late August)

Staple to the shelves of Buffy Summers, high school student and vampire slayer, to battle demons and vampires. All the characters from the TV series are here and many of Buffy's friends—including



Sammy the Wolf and the Bionics brothers—see who's decided. But players better know their "slayer powers" because the game isn't just a series of mindless combat—winning the undead with the slayer is about a slayer's fighting style. Fans might be especially interested to know that this title is based on a never-screened episode from the *Buffy* series.

STARSHIP (PlayStation 2)

Ever had a hankering to drive a giant car? Well, *Starship* is probably the closest you'll come while sitting on your couch. Time is ticking, and the cameras are rolling. Players will need all the skill they can muster as a film director guides their through death-defying stunts and they pilot different vehicles through what seems like a good Indiana Jones, James Bond and even The Blues of Indiana Jones. Once driving is over, players watch a trailer in preparation for a live competition. Between the half line between screen and reality is a little bit of fun, but the graphics are extraordinarily slow, so much so that players are apt to feel like they're actually on set.

DEBBY CHIZZ

For more video game reviews, visit [www.macleans.ca](http://www.macleans.ca)

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### Film | Cowgirl feminism

For documentary filmmaker and Calgary native Sally Clark, an exploration about cowgirl culture comes in all places, New York City. A self-styled, visiting Clark where she has lived since 1996, dragged her to see the Broadway show, *Annie Get Your Gun*. "Until then, I'd had an almost condescending attitude about cowgirls," says Clark, 32. "I'd say, 'Oh aren't they fat,' and put a cowboy hat on every year to go drink beer at the Calgary Stampede" But watching the role of Annie Oakley, Clark realized feminism like Gloria Steinem and Simone de Beauvoir, whom she'd long admired, might not be the only role models around. She returned to Alberta in 1990 to talk to female rodeo riders and authors about what makes them tick.

The result is Clark's debut documentary, *Giddyup*, which premiered in Calgary last week during the annual Stampede festivities. Clark, who holds a master's in journalism from Columbia University, interviewed women who chose the predominantly male world of professional rodeo. Female riders

are typically confined to the sport of barrel racing, leaving the more high-profile, and lucrative, events such as saddle bronc riding and steer wrestling to the men. Clark, a former researcher for author Neena Wolf, shows (a little too hard at times) to get a feminist spin on her subjects, most of whom decline to take the bait. In the film, heard more *Wynne Evans* says the request of her father for telling her that the day she "can't stop off a horse, you are a long formal dress, put my hair up and act like a lady, would be the last day I rode a horse." And self-spoken Billy Prockman, who started racing 15 years ago at the age of 14, agrees: "If, by feminist, you mean the ones yelling for equal rights, I have no time or sympathy for them."

Despite these opinions, Clark's admiration for cowgirls is undiminished, as is her conviction that they are, in their way, smart. "These women are not talking about feminism, they're doing it," she says. "They have a steady mind lighter and courage a lot of people tend to overlook."

ERIAN BY SCAMM

### Books | A Church on edge

Seven 150,000 young Roman Catholics, and Pope John Paul II himself, will gather in Toronto to celebrate World Youth Day this month. Publishers are marking the occasion by sucking out new books on the Church and re-issuing older works. Three of the more notable:

September 12 year old portrait is still healthy, the most timely volume may be *The Next Pope* (Sept 10, \$19.95) by British journalist Peter and Margaret Mitchell-Henry, first published in 2004, but now revised and updated. The first part is an entertaining look at what when the authors try to forecast the leading candidates to succeed John Paul. The Middle East is an obvious, but they forget other hopes for a post-John Paul Pope by voting first vote of the 123 cardinal electors—John Paul has appointed 136 of them—are conservatives. One "real possibility" the authors suggest is Jean-Claude Cardinal Tettamanzi, archbishop of Montreal.

After the Pulitzer Prize-winning American historian Gary Wills published a disavowal of what he described as a "Victorian culture of terror" in *Pope John's America*, he was inundated with queries about why he missed it. In *The Church, Why I'm Catholic* (Fall 10, \$19.95) also answers Wills begins with his Catholic childhood, continues with a history of the popes while the Church itself is a model of how to be successful at success, and ends with a new list of the expositions of the Apostles' Creed. Catholics are core beliefs. There is, in his final section, Wills' outsider from the elegant tradition that marks his historical writing up in a moving personal experience—why, one man, who knows his Church's writers and beliefs better than most, keeps the faith.

A Canadian perspective on the Church's current concerns is provided by two academics at Ontario's University of Waterloo: Michael W. Higgins and Gregoire H. Lefebvre. Their candidly titled *Inside the Church and the World: A Canadian Perspective* (Fall 10, \$19.95) is a candid look at the tensions between the Church and the world's secular mindsets. But they will probably engage more Catholics with their discussion of the issues of clerical power (sexual and otherwise) and Catholic social morality in every case, they write from within the faith, articulating widespread demands in Canada and elsewhere for a more open dialogue between lay and clergy.

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## THE ROAD TO ADULTHOOD

When a son learns to drive, his parents contemplate freedom gained—and lost

**THE OLDEST TURNED** 36 this spring, and with final exams behind him, he turned his attention to passing the only test that matters. He now has his learner's driving permit. God help us all. In British Columbia, this requires posting a large L on the back window of the family car as fair warning to the thriffted world. It's a modest Sealed Letter, a fluorescent red notification of the loss of anonymity. There's no getting it back. Not that he'd want to. Not a chance.

I don't want that either, as nervous as I am about handing over the keys to some one who brand his skill at the Nintendo School of Driving: Nervous? Afraid? I wish I am, there being no return button in life.

Being a parent is about letting go. I know that. Let go, and he takes his first step. Let go and he wobbles off on his bicycle. Let go and he swims. Let go and he grows. Nothing is gained by holding back, except the bad days alive. Stunned, maybe. Inquisitive, certainly. But safe. Safe at home.

Hanging on is a selective but unworkable proposition, a delaying of the inevitable. The parental caress of caution is a constant theme in our home. The younger son wants the freedom that the older son enjoys. The older son wants more. Essentially they win, as they must. By delaying, the parents retards, they have bought time. The fix is, the boys have handled such new freedom with an abundance of common sense. Mom and dad congratulate themselves on their brilliant parenting, and stretch for the next month.

Driving, though, has the potential for new levels of paranoia. Parents of like-aged children gather in nervous clusters in social centers, projecting on their poor unsuspecting kids all their own reckless adolescent shenanigans, biquetted-up excess, near misses and accidents. Inevitably one of the group says, "It's amazing I'm alive." And with that statement, all the

graying heads nod in tacit agreement.

S&L, it's worse today, isn't it? Even with all the driver's education classes, better roads, air bags and vehicle crumple zones, my provincial automobile insurer informs me that "car crashes are the number one killer" of youth aged 13 to 25 in British Columbia. Hardly a day goes by without a new motor-racing horror story in the local newspapers. The tragedy is illustrated with the scattered remains of a hepped-up BMW, or a sad little soccer dumper, the kind you find only on the back roads of Borneo, or with a high school portrait, with its poster message of snuffed-out promise.

My theory is that video games have desensitized an entire generation to the reality of rolling a car, or clear-cutting a telephone pole, or scattering a crowd of people waiting in a bus stop. I'm informed by Mr. Natsopoulos that my theory rocks, and he's probably right. How can I know if street racing is more rampant these days? At 36, I was no more likely than my son is now to read the stories about my lead-

footed brethren being cut from the remnants of their suicide cars. Why would I? That was my parents' job.

I'm not so old I don't remember the feeling that a driver's license brings. It's high new freedom, more intoxicating even than that first blip rap of the hand stuff. Summer day. Clear skies. Windows open and radio on. Certain songs on the car radio can still transport me back to my family's terminally ill Rambler Classic, my first vehicular experience. It had three speeds on the steering column, though first gear was a bit of more propulsion. What mattered was that the engine functioned, and the radio worked, and I knew there could never be a sweeter song than Ervin Zuger.

"Geezer music," my 16-year-old now calls it.

So, the choice of music I leave to him. Why sweat the small stuff when I have so much precious wisdom to impart? He's stuck with his parents as co-pilots until he is conscripted into a driver training course when school resumes this fall. Drive defensively, as though everyone else is a crazed maniac, I keep telling him. I renege as I say it that my parental safety lectures have always been some kind of variation on that theme.

If he is impatient for his freedom, who can blame him? He's from a generation of kids who were driven everywhere—everywhere being structured events in supervised settings, since the requisite criminal records check was conducted on any potential driver in attendance. How becomes parents got so hysterical? I never know. But at some convolve we apparently decided that free-range was fine for chickens but bad for children. Except, inevitably—deliciously—they reach driving age. And whether we have prepared them well or not, they are out there driving in automobiles with boys, and with girls. And without us.

I watch him that first time behind the wheel and, marvel at how ready he is. I tell him to adjust his mirrors, but I'm the one looking back. I'm proud of him, and nervous, and scared. Review this moment, I think, you'll want it when you are old. Please, God, when you are very, very old. ■

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